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EGYPT.

LORD WOLSELEY'S conception of the dash across the Desert to Metemneh and Sir HERBERT STEWART'S execution of it have been justified by a success which even persons sparing of strong language may call brilliant. Probably no one possessed of a little reason and a little experience of matters military shared in the panic as to the safety of the expedition which, at the end of last week and the beginning of this, was got up with no intelligible excuse except that the habit of daily and almost hourly telegrams has made the public a spoil child in the matter of news. It was to the last degree improbable that, when General STEWART had once advanced from Abu Klea, news would cross the Bayuda Desert until he had attained at least the middle term of his adventurous journey. He attained it within a week from his first battle and victory. The MAHDI'S men again met and heavily defeated, a junction effected with troops from Khartoum, a strong position on the Nile fortified, Metemneh and Shendy turned and rendered of no importance, and the acting General of the expeditionary force on his way up the river to join GORDON—these bald propositions sum up the achievements of the advanced guard of Lord WOLSELEY'S army since we last wrote of them. It is impossible to exaggerate the change in the situation during this week. Last Saturday General GORDON was still in the enchanted castle, inaccessible, or at least unapproached, by his rescuers. The junction of the Khartoum garrison with the expedition and Sir CHARLES WILSON'S embarkation for Khartoum itself amount, with the exception of the possible results of evil accident, to the joining of the hands of Generals GORDON and WOLSELEY. Like the first step in this remarkable success, the succeeding steps have not been taken with impunity. The severe wound of Sir HERBERT STEWART, the deaths of Lord ST. VINCENT among soldiers, and of Mr. CAMERON and Mr. HERBERT among civilians, are only the most prominent of a considerable list of casualties; though the actual fighting since the 17th is reported as less severe than that at Abu Klea. But the exertion, the want of sleep, the harassing sojourn in rough lagers under fire, and the sense of jeopardy which must have prevailed till the cultivated belt was fairly reached, and the force, then reduced to less than a thousand men, once more touched its communications at the Nile, must have made the whole performance as trying as it is creditable.

Unless some unforeseen contretemps occurs, the concentration at Gubat and the advance by the river on Khartoum ought to be matters simply of care and time. It is by no means improbable that there will be some stiff fighting at Khartoum itself, and General EARLE'S column is also not unlikely to encounter heavy work in its journey by Berber. But the risks—the "foolhardy" risks, according to some persons whose wish was no doubt father to the thought, and others whose ignorance gave their thought a more respectable parentage—have ceased to exist. The tactics of the later marches have, as a matter of course, been unfavourably criticized, but, as it seems, with very little justice. The failure of the night march to surprise the Arabs mattered little, because the march had for first object less the surprise of the enemy than the covering of the distance towards the Nile. The arrangement of the zariba, with a small independent fort lying out, was excellently planned and very successful. In the actual fighting no fault was made, and the severe wound of the General does not seem to have

caused more than unavoidable delay. The only weak spot is the reconnaissance in force to Metemneh, which was unnecessary, and gave some shadowy impression of a check. Metemneh, as matters stand, will pretty certainly empty itself. The desert is now bridged by a line of posts from Korti to Gubat; the upper river and the high road to Khartoum is commanded by the steamers in communication with the expedition, and the loop by Berber, which is still in the rebel power, is being slowly covered by General EARLE, who will either distract the attention of the enemy opposing him in that quarter or else advance unopposed by them. If the authorities (as the despatch of troops to Souakim seems to indicate) have made up their minds to undertake the last, and not the least important, part of the task which they have so long shunned—the clearing of the Souakim-Berber route—there will be nothing left to do except to complete methodically and diligently a well-planned campaign, to take care that no sudden outburst of fanaticism and daring brings about a check, and finally and chiefly to gather in the solid fruits of so much blood, so much treasure, and so much anxiety. Unluckily, this last is still the most doubtful point of the whole matter, and the only available consolation is still what it was last week. Every skirmish, every death, every wound, is a fresh appeal to Englishmen not to allow these efforts and sufferings to be fruitless and thankless.

At no recent time, probably, has such a singular ignorance as to important public transactions prevailed as that which now prevails in reference to the exact terms of the English rejoinder to the French reply on Egyptian finance. The most opposite assertions have been confidently and even passionately advanced, and the clear inference is that there is no real knowledge on the subject outside a circle probably not much wider than the Cabinet itself. The loud wailings and, on the part of a very small minority of Radicals, the somewhat modified congratulations over the supposed readmission of France to a share in a Dual Control, seem to ignore in a very curious fashion the simple fact that the supposed engagement of the Cabinet is one which the Cabinet is powerless to make. No English Ministry can guarantee nine millions of money, or nine five-pound notes, in whole or in part, without the assent of Parliament. This would not affect, of course, the second article of the reported capitulation by which a committee of inquiry is conditionally accepted at the end of two years. But, mischievous and scandalous as such an acceptance would be, it would not be an irremediable mischief. The irremediable mischief in any of the forms in which it is now threatened requires an Act of Parliament, or at least an Act of Indemnity, to accomplish it; and that considerably alters the situation. The servility of the present majority in the House of Commons is no doubt unexampled, and has stood many trials. But the Parliament itself is approaching its end; and a consciousness that the time is short, together with other very obvious considerations, are likely to have a beneficial effect even on an organization so flabby as the conscience of the average Gladstonian. Besides, if any one will take the trouble to examine the expression of public opinion, he will see that the country is in no mood for "backing down." Scarcely can one or two ABDIELS of extreme uncompromising Radicalism make their voices heard in favour of handing over the conquests of the men who conquered at Abu Klea as a solatium to the men who were beaten at Kelung. The robust Liberalism of the provinces is fully as decided on

this point as the weakly Liberalism of the capital. It is possible—it is not at all improbable that if Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues have elaborated some scheme of mere procrastination, if they have simply put off surrender instead of surrendering, they may escape an absolutely hostile vote. It is possible that if the Opposition, as it unfortunately shows some signs of doing, indulges in reckless blame without having the facts before it, sufficient party spirit may be flogged up to make the drudges of self-abasement in the House of Commons consent to go through once more their task of grovelling at Mr. GLADSTONE's feet. To speak frankly, the past conduct of the Egyptian campaign by the leaders of the Opposition and by some Opposition journals does not inspire us with any great hope of wiser strategy. But at last, after incomprehensible slackness, and thanks in no small degree to the exploits of Sir HERBERT STEWART, public opinion in England seems to be taking on itself in regard to the Egyptian matter one of those slow yet capricious, honourable though hardly rational, or at least reasoned, moods of doggedness which make political conduct or misconduct on the part of individuals immaterial, and oblige Parliament and Ministers alike to do what they are told. It is true that there now exists, with opportunities for expressing itself hitherto unenjoyed, a certain body of distinctly unhealthy public opinion. But we should be very loth to believe that the majority of Englishmen, whether they are fools or not, are enemies of their country. No man who is not an enemy of his country, unless, as may be the case in a very few instances, he is completely and honestly blinded by some special craze, political or other, can be in favour of the surrender by England of rights won with English lives. Among those so blinded we must apparently rank Mr. BRIGHT, who took occasion on Thursday night to talk to his Birmingham audience the thrice-exploded cant of forty years ago as to Colonies and Foreign Possessions, to ridicule the maintenance of an efficient navy, and to sneer by implication at the gallantry of the troops in Egypt. Whether we must rank Mr. CHAMBERLAIN likewise is not quite clear; but it is evident that the saner feeling of the country will have to manifest itself decidedly in order to secure his support. Still, there is for the present no cause for despondency. As it will be nearly impossible for Mr. GLADSTONE again to play the card of home agitation which saved him last year, there is some chance of the truth about Egypt being brought home by the blood of Abu Klea and its sequel.

THE DYNAMITERS.

IT seems to be generally acknowledged that the crimes of last Saturday have brought the conduct of the cowardly scoundrels who plot against children and sightseers under a somewhat new light in public, and not merely English public, opinion. There is no need to argue the question whether this advancement of opinion, as it were by accident, is wholly reasonable. There is no essential or really important difference of complexion between the deeds of last Saturday and a dozen other similar actions. But that a change has taken place is absolutely certain. Not only do we find in England Radical journals which have been wont at least to coquette with the fad for abolishing capital punishment altogether, urging with some relish that it will probably be quite possible to hang Saturday's criminals if they can be caught, but we find the American Legislature busy with well-intended, if not perhaps absolutely well-planned, measures for satisfying the feeling of conscience which has been awakened on the other side of the water. We find, too, European journals of ultra-Liberal and by no means Anglophile tendencies sympathizing with England. These two last things are well, though they are rather of ornamental than of real importance. We are very grateful for the legislative activity of our American friends, and it would be ungracious to observe, except in passing, first, that their exertions come rather late, and, secondly, that these exertions are not altogether wisely directed. By the same telegraphic budget which brings details of the progress of the Anti-Dynamite Bill we learn that an American-Irish paper has been publishing and discussing a plan for simultaneously setting on fire the chief London squares. It is not probable that rents will go down in consequence; but it is permissible to point out that the passing of the measures now before the Federal and State Legislatures would be entirely powerless to check or to punish this kind of invitation to crime. For the sym-

pathy of Continental Europe, with the notable and natural exceptions of the Pan Slavist organs of Russia, we are again unfeignedly grateful; but the consideration of this and similar matters must not be allowed to interfere with the much more important consideration how to check and punish these monstrous crimes by our own power and on our own responsibility. It has always been maintained here that this is the root of the matter; it has certainly not ceased to be the root of the matter because some of our good friends abroad have abandoned the rather singular construction which they seem hitherto to have placed on the term friendship.

We deal elsewhere with the aspect of the matter which concerns the police. The present purpose is rather with the means of punishing the actual offenders, when caught, and the question how to deal with certain other offenders who can be caught exactly when it pleases the British public and its rulers. We shall be generous in the application of the laws of causation to the crime of Saturday, though Mr. CARLYLE's famous outburst as to the real culprits in the matter of the crimes of the French Revolution is here very much in place. In a certain dread Court of supernal equity the persons most guilty of the fright and pain, the loss and damage, of last Saturday might perhaps turn out to be neither Irish-American desperadoes nor even Irish agitators and members of Parliament. That point, however, shall be waived. In reference to the two classes of persons who are most directly chargeable with the commission of these crimes or with their non-detection, the clumsiness of English methods of detecting guilt seems to be on the whole less culpable than the weakness of English public opinion, and with it of the English judicature and executive, in dealing with guilt when detected. For many years it has been the English practice to put a premium on what are falsely called political crimes. We have watered down high treason into something called treason-felony, and in sentencing convicted criminals for treason-felony and its kindred group of offences we have watered down punishment to a point where it has scarcely any terrors. So imbecile has been our conduct in this matter, that there are at this moment men who but a few years since were convicted of crimes for which even in the last generation they would have deservedly adorned the gallows, who are now unconditionally, or with insignificant conditions, free, who talk and write what they please in England itself, and who with impunity as great as their insolence, dilate on the hardships of English Bastilles, and the excusable resentment of those who have suffered those hardships. The fact that the conspirators do not always or often actually take life—a fact which is in reality the measure of their cowardice only, not of their guilt—determines the character of their punishment, and it is pretty certain that the authors of one of the most daring and diabolical crimes of the century—the murder of Lord FREDERICK CAVENDISH and Mr. BURKE—would have had their lives spared if accident had prevented their crime from being completed. There are at this moment serving the same terms of imprisonment, and treated with the same indulgence as a luckless clerk who has in dread of ruin forged his employer's name, or a manslayer whose guilt accrued in a single moment of perhaps provoked passion, men, and not a few men, who deliberately planned crimes which might, and if more boldly carried out must, have carried death and misery to scores of innocent persons. A letter in the *St. James's Gazette* of Monday, with the well-known signature "II," pointed out that an existing statute of comparatively modern date makes the attempt on the Tower a capital crime. Perhaps the status of Westminster as a Royal palace might, properly examined, be found to facilitate sharp measures in a similar way. But what is really wanted is not a legal knife sufficiently sharp to shear the heads of these vermin, but hands determined enough to press the knife home. Had the rougher common sense—we do not say the less humane laws—of our grandfathers been in exercise during the Fenian outbreaks of fifteen or twenty years ago, it is extremely improbable that these dynamite outrages would ever have been heard of. Had Irish crime recently been treated as high treason (and in almost every case it could have been so treated with no more than a righteous straining of the law), the windows of Westminster Hall would at this moment be intact, and the hapless girls who made holiday at the Tower would be safe and sound.

There is, however, yet another point on which public opinion needs a tonic. When the intelligent commander of

an occupied district in war is confronted with enemies who behave like our dynamiters, he knows perfectly well what to do. He takes suitable hostages, and hangs one or two every time his friends the enemy misconduct themselves. That of course is an extreme case. But a case in exactly the same line of thought, if not requiring exactly similar measures, presents itself at the present moment. We have abundant hostages for Irish behaviour in the prominent Irish agitators. It is said that they know nothing of these crimes, which may or may not be the case. But what is undoubtedly the case is that the organization over which they preside, whether it is or is not able to stop the murderous mischief now going on, has at its disposal ample means of bringing the actors in that mischief to justice. If men whose names are on every one's lips were to lift their little fingers, if the agitating priests in Ireland were to so much as wink, every agent in last Saturday's crimes would be in the hands of the police to-morrow. In such a case he who hinders not causes. We are, as has been said, glad that American feelings of international responsibility have been stirred to action, and we think it not ungracious to accompany the expression of gladness with the reflection that it might have been done a little sooner. But sometimes it must seem to every fair-minded Englishman slightly unreasonable to oblige America for not restraining her FORDS and her O'DONOVAN ROSSAS when we let agitators of every rank, from Mr. PARNELL to the riff raff of the Irish Town Councils, rave or insinuate as they please; when, despite our perfect knowledge that these men could break up the whole gang if they chose, we tolerate their toleration and wink at their connivance. Who is to help us if we will not help ourselves? and how shall we help ourselves so long as we condone incitement, ignore accomplices, accessories before and after the fact, and treat the very criminals themselves when caught with a ridiculous and disastrous leniency?

MR. TREVELYAN'S IDEAS.

MR. TREVELYAN has a just reputation for general ability, and his Irish administration has proved his practical capacity and courage. It remains to be seen whether he possesses the rare gift of political wisdom; and the doubt is not solved by his latest speech. A Liberal Club or Reform Club at Liverpool had a sufficient excuse for asking Mr. TREVELYAN to dinner in his official connexion with the Duchy of Lancaster; but, after the lapse of a week, the entertainment would scarcely have required notice if Mr. TREVELYAN had not been the only Cabinet Minister who has spoken in public since Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Sir CHARLES DILKE delivered their audacious manifestoes. It would seem either that Mr. TREVELYAN has not heard of their appeals to popular cupidity or that he attaches no importance to the alarming declarations of his colleagues. His exuberant spirits were undisturbed by any recollection of revolutionary menaces at home or dangerous international complications. He complained that "for the last ten years the war of criticism with regard to foreign and colonial politics has been so incessant" that the domestic side of national life has been less written and talked about than it deserves. It is true that disgrace and disaster have been deeply felt outside the Cabinet, if not within its sacred precincts; but it might have been thought that the Franchise Bill and the Redistribution Bill had made noise enough in last September and October. Mr. TREVELYAN's enviable temperament seems to be proof against all the causes of anxiety which at present trouble less happily constituted minds. While he shuts his ears to the roar of discussion on South Africa, on Egypt, and on Afghanistan, he cheers himself by reflections which would produce an exactly opposite effect on any other Englishman. It seems that alone among his contemporaries Mr. TREVELYAN has "within the last few months often thought with pleasure on the contrast between the fortune of Mr. GLADSTONE and that of the only other man who stands in the same rank with himself in the Parliamentary history of this country." WALPOLE, the younger PITT, and PEEL might well claim at least equal Parliamentary rank with Mr. GLADSTONE; but it appears that Mr. TREVELYAN speaks of CHATHAM.

The same contrast has perhaps occurred to a few other students of political history, but scarcely with the result of confirming their complacent satisfaction with the present state of affairs. It is true that in his later years CHATHAM was personally less prosperous than Mr. GLADSTONE; but his great administration witnessed the creation of the English

Empire in India and the final expulsion of French power from the North American continent. Mr. GLADSTONE's conduct of foreign policy will be remembered by the base capitulation of Majuba, by the imbecile and ruinous vacillation of Ministerial policy in Egypt, by the total isolation of England in Europe, and perhaps by graver miscarriages which may be now impending. It is perhaps consolatory to know that one member of Mr. GLADSTONE's party and of his Cabinet, who is, however, not responsible for past blunders, thinks with pleasure on the present degradation as compared with the glorious past. He boasts, indeed, that Mr. GLADSTONE has conferred on England a new Constitution, but the nature and tendency of the boon have yet to be disclosed. In CHATHAM's time the connexion between liberty and property was deemed to be so obvious that it had become proverbial. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's devotion to liberty is illustrated by his demand of a ransom to be paid for the enjoyment of property. Mr. TREVELYAN is too well informed to believe, with Mr. BRIGHT, that history began at the date of the Reform Bill or of the Corn Law League, but his researches have lately led him to strange conclusions. He not long since ridiculed the triumphant war which was conducted by CHATHAM as an ill-judged struggle for the appropriation to Austria or to Prussia of a paltry German province. He now implies that the chief claim of the great Minister to the gratitude of his countrymen was founded on his occasional advocacy of some scheme of Parliamentary reform. It is something that a Liberal should wish, at the cost of a bold fiction, to preserve a sense of historical continuity. Those of the Liverpool Radicals who had heard of Lord ROCKINGHAM or Lord TEMPLE may perhaps have been gratified by the thought that in eating and drinking in honour of their guest they were maintaining the traditions of a borough-owning and exclusive aristocracy. That Mr. CORDEY accomplished the objects of the Protectionist Whigs of the eighteenth century was a startling proposition.

Mr. TREVELYAN's anticipations are as sanguine as his reminiscences are cheerful. He evidently deludes himself by the fallacy that the country can henceforth have no unwise or unrighteous Government; unless it prefers to be unwisely and unrighteously governed. The country in the first clause of the sentence means the whole community; in the second clause it represents the mere numerical majority. The opponents of promiscuous suffrage believe that the multitude is likely to govern unwisely and unrighteously in the pursuit of its own supposed interest. Mr. TREVELYAN would probably admit that the Reign of Terror was a time of unwise and unrighteous government, yet the Convention and the Committee of Public Safety followed their career of murder, in the name and with the passive assent of the people or the most numerous class. If half of the population and a fraction were to reduce to slavery or to kill the other moiety short of the same fraction, the country of which Mr. TREVELYAN speaks would have approved of the questionable proceeding. "People" who, as Mr. TREVELYAN truly says, "are afraid lest Liberal policy should tend towards confiscation and communism" will scarcely be reassured by his vague guarantee for a just exercise of irresponsible power. "That," says Mr. TREVELYAN, "will never be the Liberal policy as long as the Liberal party continues to represent what is good and honest in all ranks of society," but if a majority of CHAMBERLAINS and JESSE COLLINGSSES, and THOROLD ROGERSES, are returned to Parliament under Mr. GLADSTONE's new Constitution, society may be overthrown, because what is good and honest in all ranks of society will not be represented. It is perhaps natural that the early champion of household suffrage should exult in the attainment of his object. It is difficult to judge whether his mention of confiscation and communism indicates a latent doubt whether he had not failed to appreciate some of the elements of the question. The Restitution Bill is alone a significant comment on the system which was to render unwise and unrighteous government impossible. It would appear that Mr. TREVELYAN is not an unqualified admirer of the modern organization of the Caucus. His argument against Proportional Representation was in some degree founded on the sound principle that any arrangement which increases the power of wire-pullers is so far objectionable. The *scrutin de liste* which he condemns facilitates more than any other system the officious intervention of election-managers and of the Caucus. The same result will follow from the addition of two millions of voters to a constituency which was already large enough.

Mr. TREVELYAN's effusive congratulations might have been unpleasantly disturbed if he had happened to remember one provision of the Franchise Act, in which he had cordially concurred. He may perhaps have but an inaccurate recollection of the history of CHATHAM; but he certainly has not forgotten Mr. PARNELL. From the beginning of his speech to the end Mr. TREVELYAN made no mention of Ireland. While the controversy lasted he took occasion to declare that he would neither have supported the Bill nor remained in office if the measure had been confined to Great Britain. This was, indeed, but a choice of evils and perils; but it is strange that the Minister who for two years grappled boldly with Irish disaffection should be blind to the danger of handing over nearly the whole representation of the country to the enemies of the English Government and nation. Perhaps he holds that Ireland cannot have an unwise and unrighteous Government, unless the Irish wish to be unwisely and unrighteously governed. The proposition is not more frivolous or more barren in its application to Ireland than to England and Scotland; but it is notorious that Mr. PARNELL and the powerful body which he commands deliberately wish that their country should be unrighteously governed. The farmer is, according to Mr. PARNELL, to be released from the burden of rent; and his threats are more likely to take early effect than the similar warnings of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. An after-dinner orator, even if he is a Cabinet Minister, may perhaps be excused for avoiding as far as possible disagreeable topics; but there is a certain anomaly in an unqualified eulogy on a measure of which the most important part is necessarily left without notice.

The best part of Mr. TREVELYAN's speech, though perhaps not the most acceptable to his audience, expressed without affectation of concealment his preference for members of the House of Commons who are recommended by family and fortune. Several representatives of Whig houses are still diligently engaged in sawing off between themselves and the stem the boughs on which they and their equals have hitherto had the privilege of sitting. A cadet of a great ducal house, who owes his seat in Parliament to his name, was loud while the clamour lasted in his denunciation of the House of Lords. According to Mr. TREVELYAN, the young men of fashion who had seats in his first Parliament migrated, with few exceptions, to the Cave of Adullam. Twenty years later they have steadily supported a more suicidal measure than Mr. GLADSTONE's or Mr. DISRAELI's Reform Bill. One inference might be that they are now supervised by Caucuses, and that they have consequently forfeited the independence which they exhibited in 1866. Nevertheless, Mr. TREVELYAN has good reason for wishing against hope that the natural opponents of democracy may have some representation in the reformed House of Commons.

THE DETECTIVES.

DYNAMITE outrages follow one another, and differ more or less; but there is one point they have in common. They are all carried out with fair success as far as the police are concerned. They have also one pretty uniform consequence. For days after they have happened we hear of "clues" in the hands of the Criminal Investigation Department, that remarkable Government office which investigates with untiring zeal, if all tales be true, but which somehow finds out so little. Paragraphs appear in the papers, confidences are made to reporters, and bills are posted up giving descriptions and offering rewards. There is much running to and fro, or show of running to and fro, and wonderful vigilance is displayed. Then the hubbub dies down, and nobody has been caught. It would be at least superficially unfair to prophesy that the explosions of last Saturday are going to have the usual inane consequences. They happened only a few days ago, and it may possibly turn out that something effectual is being done. It is even probable that a clue has at last been got hold of which is not a mere Jack-o'-lantern. Still, we are only too likely to see another instance of useless police activity. Such show of success in catching the criminals as has been attained was mainly the work of the military guard at the Tower, who shut the gates, and was well nigh fortuitous as far as the police is concerned. Every fair-minded man will of course draw distinctions in speaking of the behaviour of the force. The constables in uniform and on open duty generally behave well. The two who were so badly hurt in Westminster Hall, for instance, behaved with the bravery commonly displayed by their

comrades in tackling armed burglars. Want of courage is not the fault charged against the police. When they have to deal with a manifest danger, they do it as stoutly as their countrymen who are fighting under STEWART. Where they fail is when vigilance before the fact, sagacity, and secrecy are required. The successes are gained by the constables who patrol the streets. It is the Criminal Investigation Department which scores the failures.

All this points to the existence of some very serious defects in the force. Two years of continuous failure can scarcely be accounted for by accident or want of power. Nobody denies that our legal system does give an advantage to the more crafty kind of criminal, and there is undoubtedly a growing feeling in favour of giving the authorities extended powers. It must also be acknowledged that some important captures have been made since the explosion at the Local Government Board Office. These, however, have been due to the activity and intelligence of the provincial police. When every allowance has been made, the fact of the failure of the force in the capital remains. They might assuredly have done more than they have succeeded in doing. Two years ago Scotland Yard might fairly ask not to be judged in haste. It has not been unduly criticized, and now it can have little to say in extenuation of its failure to use what power it does possess. The causes of this want of success are becoming a very open secret. Our Criminal Investigation Department—the name is absurdly pompous, but it is more accurate than Detective Police—is talkative, indolent, and unintelligent. It is, of course, well to hear all the stories told about its doings with some scepticism. The letter sent to the *Times* of Tuesday, and other communications to other papers, bear the same stamp with a few variations. They are mostly amplifications of the confessions of this or the other French police-officer on the retired list which are now appearing every few weeks in Paris, or else are grounded on the revelations of the detective agents employed by newspapers. All such publications have a very suspicious origin, and must be read with caution. The revelations of persons in the confidence of the Fenians, who nevertheless send long letters to English newspapers, are even less trustworthy. There is no want of adventurers clever enough to trade upon the public credulity in such matters. The charge against the police is not based on evidence of this kind. The very obvious fact of their prolonged failure would of itself be enough to condemn them. Neither is it a matter of no importance to find a general feeling of distrust growing up in a community which is not naturally suspicious of the police. For the present there is no need to bring specific charges. It is enough to make out a case for an inquiry. Except officials who have a natural and rooted dislike to inquiry, and who may even be honestly persuaded that it will do harm, nobody can now doubt the existence of a need for reform in the department. If its only fault is want of strength, that alone is enough to condemn it as an effective detective force. For the rest few can believe it is the only fault. There is, unfortunately, too much evidence, for one thing, of the blind confidence placed by Scotland Yard in help from Paris, although the bad state of the French police has been notorious for years. Graver faults are charged against the department, and the mere existence of such suspicions is in itself enough to justify an inquiry. The time for putting confidence in Scotland Yard is past. Much may, doubtless, have to be done beyond reforming the Criminal Investigation Department. A system of criminal procedure which has been perfected during a long period of internal peace, and is admirably fitted for a loyal and law-abiding community, may have to be modified to suit new times and in the face of new dangers. Little will be gained, however, by giving new powers, if care is not taken to see that they are exercised by proper hands. Before other things are done, and while they are being done, it will be pressing necessary to organize a new detective police to use the new weapons of repression. For some years what imitation of such a force we have had in London has been known only by its scandals and its failures. It has been governed on sentimental principles, and with a perfectly ludicrous degree of feebleness. We have manifestly got to the end of the period when such a state of things can be tolerated. The country has shown clearly enough how little likely it is to be bullied into a panic; but it will not be deluded into the belief that just measures of precaution are a sign of fear, or allow itself to be kept helpless before outrage by commonplaces about con-

stitutional liberty and the odious nature of espionage. Certain kinds of animals are needed to hunt down certain kinds of vermin, and they must be employed in sufficient number and on the conditions needed to secure success.

IRELAND.

MR. MATTHEW KENNY is a more zealous than discreet member of the Irish Parliamentary party and follower of Mr. PARNELL. In his endeavour to explain how it was that his leader had nothing to say about the dynamite outrages when addressing a public meeting at Miltown-Malbay two days after they occurred, he seems uncertain, not only whether he has or has not got an explanation, but whether there is anything to explain. Miltown-Malbay is a village of remote situation; and the Dublin papers do not reach it till Tuesday. The explosions took place on Saturday; Mr. PARNELL spoke on Monday. He must have spoken "without a full knowledge" and "probably without a telegraphic summary" (this is a very intrepid conjecture) "of the outrages." And, for a second plea, the self-appointed advocate says that if Mr. PARNELL did know of them, he was no more bound to denounce them than was Mr. GLADSTONE himself. Under these circumstances it would be as well if Mr. KENNY would communicate with his leader and ascertain which of the two defences he proposes to rely upon. It is a point upon which most Englishmen indulge themselves in the luxury of a large indifference; feeling well assured that whatever Mr. PARNELL might have said or suppressed on this unpleasant subject could not by any possibility deserve the attention due to his remarks on matters upon which he feels himself at liberty to speak his mind. His Miltown-Malbay speech is principally interesting as explanatory of, and supplementary to, his speech of last week at Cork; and the two taken together give us an instructive view of the twofold aspect of the Separatist agitation. Mr. PARNELL talked almost unmixed politics to the citizens of Cork, and almost wholly confined himself to the land question in addressing the tenant-farmers of Miltown-Malbay; which, his enemies will no doubt say, means that he preached sedition to the one audience and communism to the other. In the former speech he went perhaps a little further in the way of vaguely revolutionary suggestion than we remember him to have done before; as, for instance, in his remark that though Ireland cannot "under the British Constitution ask for more than the restitution of GRATTAN'S Parliament, yet no man has a right to fix the boundary to the march of a nation; no man has a right to say to his country, 'Thus far shalt thou go and no further'; and we have never attempted to fix the *ne plus ultra* of Ireland's nationhood and we never shall." From which it is to be inferred that if the march of the Irish nation were to lead her to the proclamation of an Irish Republic, it would not be the duty of any sworn liege subject of the British Crown to say her nay.

For the "men of historic Clare" Mr. PARNELL has quite a different sort of eloquence in reserve. Among them his talk is of oxen—other people's oxen. He seems fully conscious that his hearers will be far more interested in hearing how much more they may hope to be able to wring from their landlords than in listening to aspirations for the re-establishment of GRATTAN'S Parliament. Accordingly Mr. PARNELL dropped politics altogether, and held forth to the "men of historic Clare" on the imperfections of the Land Act, and in particular on the nullification of that especially thoughtful provision for easing landlords of their beneficial interest in their lands which is known to mortals as the HEALY clause. This clause, said Mr. PARNELL, was "mutilated in the administration of the Act by the machinations of lawyers"—meaning that the Court of Appeal in Dublin where, as Ireland's malign fate will have it, *il y a des juges* pronounced against the more piratical interpretation of it; and, in addition, "unfortunately the head of Commission was composed partly of weak, colourless men without soul and without mind, while its other part was composed of representatives of the landlords and their paid agents." This body of weak, colourless, soulless, and mindless men ("colourlessness" as a reproach to a judge is good), with whom were associated landlords' representatives, certainly sounds like a description of more than three men; but we must leave Mr. PARNELL to distribute the parts between Mr. Justice O'HAGAN, Mr. VERNON, and Mr. LITTON. But, however the designing lawyers and the neutral-tinted Commissioners

managed it, the Land Act has been proved by bitter experience to be valueless, and now the men of Clare have met again to take counsel together as to what they shall do to augment the beggarly thirty per cent. which is all they have at present been allowed to extract from the pockets of their landlords. Meanwhile, however, their leader has found it necessary to address to them a word of exhortation on the subject of the evicted tenants, "victims of the last land war." In respect of supporting these victims by their own exertions the Clare tenant-farmers have, he complains, been backward in their duty; and Mr. PARNELL took further occasion to warn those "weak, misguided creatures who, when a landlord has evicted a tenant owing to his failure to pay an unjust rent, feel themselves tempted by the Father of Evil to go in and take possession of the evicted farm." With unconscious humour, the orator went on to lament the conduct of any man who "violates the Divine Commandment by taking possession under such circumstances of that which does not belong to him"; and declared with what we can hardly regard as unconscious profanity that any one who resisted such a temptation would "put the great bulk of his countrymen in the position to say that there is more joy in Heaven over one lost sinner who repenteth than over ninety-nine just men who need no repentance."

Thus has Mr. PARNELL, after having made fresh profession at Cork of his zeal for the political cause for which he took his historic coat off, once more presented himself to the tenant-farmers in his shirt-sleeves. There is no particular novelty in his programme; its only point of interest is the precision and distinctness with which it is now for the first time formulated. The attack upon the Land Act will undoubtedly be the first enterprise to which Mr. PARNELL will lead that reinforced band of what Mr. O'BRIEN exultingly calls "young and troublesome Irishmen" which he looks to the operation of the Franchise Bill to furnish him with. As to the mode of warfare we are left in no doubt on that point. Mr. PARNELL's commendatory reference to the part played by the county of Clare in the formation of the Land League is significant enough as to the methods to which he leans. We all pretty well remember what it was that "resulted in the spread of our organization and movement like the rushing whirlwind" over Ireland; it was the discovery of what might be done by the power of agrarian terrorism to force a whole population into an attitude of defiance to the law, and how long a weak, vain, and obstinate Ministry might passively allow that terrorism to rule. It is to a renewal of this conflict that Mr. PARNELL unquestionably meant to incite his hearers when he called upon the men of Clare to "show such an example to the Irish race as will enable us to stand shoulder to shoulder, to march from the west to the east, and to recover inch by inch, slowly but surely, every rood of land which has been robbed from us." Standing "shoulder to shoulder" in the Parnellite dialect has a perfectly well-understood meaning. Whenever the shoulders of the discontented and turbulent class of Irishmen have been joined together, it has been for the purpose of keeping the foot of intimidation on the neck of their law-abiding countrymen. Nor, we fear, is it possible to doubt that the tenant-farmer class in Ireland are as much disposed to rally to the sacred standard of plunder, boycotting, and outrage as ever they were. The notion that the cottier would go home contented with a mere slice of his landlord's property, and employ himself too busily in devouring it to have time for fresh agitation, has been very speedily dissipated. The beneficiaries of the Land Act have either consumed their "boon" with unexpected expedition, or they have in an unanticipated proportion of cases disposed of it in another sense by pocketing its value in tenant-right and substituting a set of new and hungry occupiers for their well-filled selves. Anyhow they seem quite ripe for another raid upon their landlords. Mr. PARNELL's meetings are largely attended, and he himself loudly cheered. His appeals to cupidity, disguised under a variety of respectable names, awaken as much enthusiasm as ever; and those who study the reports from the rural districts of Ireland must be uncomfortably sensible that the diminution of agrarian crime is due to anything rather than a subsidence of the criminal instinct among the peasantry. Outrages still occur to an extent which only seems to us trifling because the terrible experience of 1880-82 is still fresh in our minds. At any other period of Irish history they would have been considered quite numerous and serious enough to justify alarm and indignation. We have little reason, in short, to doubt that, if once the pressure of

the Crimes Act were removed, Mr. PARNELL would find himself as strong in the support of the lawless among his countrymen as ever, and as well able to coerce an English Government. All the more reason for maintaining that policy—honoured, we are glad to observe, with the distinguished approval of Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE—which ensures that, if there is to be any “coercion” going at all, it shall be on the right side.

FRIENDS OF DYNAMITE.

SOME one, according to a recondite anecdote, was found to throw flowers even on NERO's grave, and it is natural that even the dynamitards should have their friends and apologists. The Socialists of Chicago have boldly applauded the noble soldiers of humanity who have wounded some little girls, two policemen, and a civil engineer. How the cause of Socialism or of Humanity has been benefited by these performances is doubtless obvious to the Socialists of Chicago, and perhaps Mr. WILLIAM MORRIS's new Socialist newspaper will throw light on the reasons of self-congratulation. When a Socialist Society was lately founded in England, its object, as colloquially stated, was “to blow ‘the’—well, the *viscera*—“out of everybody.” Perhaps, in the cutting and wounding of a holiday crowd the Friends of Humanity recognize an approach to this laudable ideal. American citizens, however, will perhaps be led to reflect that Socialists have necks, and that there be such things as ropes, and branches of trees are handy. Then we have the subdued regrets of Messrs. “STEPNIAK” and MICHAEL DAVITT, as reported in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Mr. STEPNIAN, it appears to us, is an example of our own remarkable inconsistency in the matter of *hostes humani generis*. Has this politician, or has he not, been an active member of the dynamite party in Russia? If he has not, what is the historical value of his frequent and probably remunerative “revelations”? If he has, so long as we not only afford him an asylum, but purchase his “copy” for respectable newspapers, we have not very much right to blame the Americans who make the same journalistic use of Captain PHELAN. “STEPNIAN” thinks the performances at Westminster highly overrated; but is there, in this opinion, nothing of the jealousy of the artist? Mr. DAVITT, for his part, tells a story about Rossa, while in an English dungeon, being compelled to lap his food with his hands tied behind his back. Perhaps these indignities are held to palliate the attempts (whether connected with Rossa or not) to blow up crowds of sightseers. Unfortunately, “One Who Knows” replies, in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that Rossa was treated with contumely because of an unspeakably base and cowardly assault on the Governor of his prison, for which any other prisoner would have been deservedly flogged. Mr. DAVITT, who is really too charitable, seems to hold that the dynamitards purposely try to conduct their operations without injury to human life. We hear a good deal of Irish humour. Here is an example of its fine irony. Men place powerful explosives with intent to blow up trains in tunnels. They arrange for dynamite to explode in Club kitchens and among throngs of school children; and then it is argued that they wish to hurt nobody. The impudence of this, the barefaced effrontery of so absurd a statement, is on a par with the suggestion of the *Freeman's Journal* that “informers” or detectives or *agents provocateurs* may not impossibly be the criminals. The Phoenix Park murders were explained in the same way at the time of their occurrence as a desperate stroke by the party of the landlords. If Mr. PATRICK EGAN had no knowledge of “Invincible” movements at the time of these cowardly butcheries, he was very much maligned by public opinion. Maligned, we presume, he must have been, for a Correspondent of a daily paper in Paris (who, of course, is no more a friend of dynamite than the rest of us) says that Mr. EGAN “was of gentle spirit and ‘estimable.’” The same writer mysteriously says, “There is one good reason why Paris should not be the permanent quarter-general of the dynamiters. It is very clear Mr. EGAN had, as Treasurer of the Land League, a great fund in his hands, and a large sum of his own made in the flour business. Yet he could not keep the greater part of his children here, and although he lived in a handsomely-furnished flat, had no servant but a *femme de ménage*.” But what prevented Mr. EGAN from keeping “the greater part” of what seems to have been a pretty large family with him? As he was only a constitutional

agitator, what has his handsome flat and *femme de ménage* to do with dynamite? Here indeed be mysteries. If Mr. EGAN's house was full of dynamite, then one can fancy why the children should be kept out of harm's way. But, if not—the whole subject is too perplexing. As to Mr. PARNELL, he carefully selected an excellent opportunity to be silent about dynamite. Nothing else was expected. Men of his party who held their craven peace when every post brought news of murders and tortures committed by the Irish on each other, men who knew all those things and had not the spirit to “stump the country” and denounce them, are really not worth wasting moral discussion upon. If they would not speak then, why should they speak now? and what does their speech or silence matter to English citizens?

A REAL HOLY ALLIANCE.

UNDER the Imperial Constitution, Prussia, like other German States, is unable to conclude treaties with foreign Powers. For this reason Russia and Prussia have provided for reciprocal extradition of criminals by the exchange of Identical Notes. A similar evasion would perhaps not have been allowed to Baden or Wurtemberg; but no objection will be taken to the action of Prussia. The most remarkable circumstance in the arrangement is that, if it is now required, it had not been concluded before. In former times both Governments were in the habit of concerting measures against the common danger of Polish disaffection. Insurrections provoked by oppression in Russian Poland never extended to Posen; but of the three Powers which shared in the successive partitions of the last century Austria alone has apparently succeeded in conciliating Polish loyalty. Since 1863 there has been no further attempt to displace the Russian yoke; but the upper classes have been vigilantly watched, and the Prussian police has offered no facilities for the escape of suspected malcontents across the border. The jealousy which formerly seemed excessive and capricious has now acquired a new justification. The Russian Nihilists form only one section of the band of criminals which in various countries devotes itself to the perpetration of the worst kinds of murder. The sect or faction is not known to have obtained recruits in Poland; and it is against indigenous miscreants that Russian society and the Imperial family need protection. The same organization, perhaps under a different title, has perpetrated or attempted political assassination in Germany. Soon after the atrocious murder of ALEXANDER II. the Emperor WILLIAM, who had already been twice wounded by would-be regicides, narrowly escaped from an intended explosion when, with his Court and Ministers, he was engaged in the celebration of a patriotic festival. If any extradition treaty or agreement can diminish the dangers to which crowned heads are now exposed, no reasonable objection can be offered to a measure of security.

The publication of the treaty is probably intended as a warning to those whom it may concern. There can be little doubt that either the Russian or the Prussian police would willingly have surrendered any fugitive who had practised the doctrines of Nihilism in the neighbouring country. There may perhaps be good reasons for the express stipulation that political motives are not to operate as a defence against extradition; but, in default of any such agreement, the Prussian Government would assuredly not have protected one of the murderers of the Russian EMPEROR. No such crime can be for any purpose excused or tolerated on the pretext of its political character. The person of a sovereign is, even in modern times, at least as fully entitled to protection as if he were the meanest subject. An Englishman who should in time of war assassinate the ruler of a hostile nation would undoubtedly suffer capital punishment if he were convicted by the tribunals of his own country, though practical difficulties might prevent extradition. Such modes of hostility as the assassination of WILLIAM OF ORANGE at the instigation of PHILIP II. were not consistent with international law even in the sixteenth century. The desire of a private person to liberate or enslave his own or any other country has nothing to do with any violation of the ordinary criminal law which he may commit. Only Irish patriots pretend to reverence the memory of the so-called Manchester martyrs who took occasion to murder a policeman in the discharge of his duty. The crime was committed in time of peace; but it would have been equally punishable in a state of open war. It was wholly irrelevant to inquire

whether the culprits hoped to establish Home Rule or to repeal the Union. If they had escaped to America or to any other country which has an extradition treaty with England, their persons must have been surrendered on demand, on pain of a wilful breach of international contract.

One reason for concluding or publishing the arrangement between Russia and Prussia may perhaps be the establishment of a precedent to be followed by other countries, and especially by England and Switzerland. A rule of law, sanctioned by the great Continental monarchies, might be recommended on plausible grounds to the acceptance of other States. The Russian Government has some ground of complaint in the impunity which is allowed in Geneva and other Swiss Cantons to the votaries of Nihilism. The security which the wretched HARTMANN enjoyed in England cannot have been regarded by Russian opinion with complacency. The protection of political fugitives concerned the national honour when they had merely attempted to effect constitutional changes with which it was possible to sympathize. Spanish, Italian, and Polish exiles were welcomed in England with enthusiasm in the earlier part of the present century. It was not then thought possible that the cause of liberty and civilization would be promoted by outrage and massacre. Even in the days of the Holy Alliance some ambiguous cases occurred; but the doubt was always solved in favour of the fugitive patriot. MAZZINI had many sympathizers, and he has still admirers in England, though he more than once took part in conspiracies for the murder of the King of SARDINIA. The absolute Powers furnished some excuse for undue tolerance in England of exiled criminals by their extravagant pretensions. In 1849, after the defeat of Hungary by foreign aid, both Russia and Austria insisted on the surrender by the Turkish Government of KOSSUTH and his companions. The Hungarian leaders had conducted a regular civil war, in defence, as all well-informed Englishmen were convinced, of ancient constitutional rights. Many of their colleagues who failed to accomplish their escape were put to death by a gross abuse of legal forms; and it was certain that, if the Sultan had given way, the same fate would have awaited the exiles. Although the English Government was not directly interested in the controversy, Lord PALMERSTON'S intervention against the tyrannical pretensions of the two Imperial Governments was almost universally approved by his countrymen. After the arrival of KOSSUTH in England, there could no longer be any question of extradition. The right and duty of offering an asylum to political exiles had perhaps acquired exaggerated importance in popular estimation; but it would have been better to go to war than to surrender to their enemies such exiles as KOSSUTH or GARIBOLDI. It is not a little remarkable that the Hungarian Government is about to withhold its concurrence in the new system of extradition. It is probably for this reason that Germany and Austria have not taken part in the negotiation with Russia.

In the days when Continental Liberalism took the form of occasional plots against the Austrian rulers of Lombardy or the BOURBONS of Naples and of Spain, it was easy for English spectators to watch abortive patriotic efforts, in conscious security against disturbance at home. Fenianism and Nationalism, and, most of all, dynamite explosions, have disturbed the national complacency. It was always known that a few reckless criminals, who might be ready to expose their own lives, might destroy the comfort and peace of society; but that it was possible to organize a body of Thugs in the heart of civilization would not have been suspected till it was proved by experience. If the perpetrators of the late explosions should hereafter be discovered in America or in France, it is uncertain whether they would be surrendered under the existing treaties of extradition. It is true that no political purpose can affect the character of the crime; but it might perhaps create a popular agitation which would prevent the enforcement of the law. It might be argued that the present conspirators could by no possibility be worse than HARTMANN, who was living in England when an Irish member publicly expressed a hope that the QUEEN would find a HARTMANN to deal with her in turn. There is reason to fear that no question of extradition may arise, inasmuch as the criminals are not likely to be discovered. Nevertheless, the knowledge that they were nowhere safe from punishment might perhaps produce a wholesome alarm in the minds of murderous incendiaries. Under the Roman Empire it was said that criminals were appalled by the im-

possibility of escaping from the jurisdiction which controlled the civilized world. It would be well that in Europe and in America there should be no refuge for Nihilists or for dynamiters. If the Continental Governments think fit to make any overture for a general law of extradition, their proposals may deserve serious consideration. It can scarcely transcend the resources of jurists to frame enactments which would apply not to ordinary political malcontents or even to conspirators, but only to the practitioners who deal in assassination and in arson. The Congress of the United States, though it seems to have been at last startled out of its strange indifference, may perhaps not be at present prepared to join in any general measure of defence against the enemies of society. The sensation which was produced by the late struggle between two bloodthirsty ruffians in O'DONOVAN ROSSA'S office resembles the climax of moral degradation which was reached by DE QUINCEY'S ideal murderer when he took to unpunctuality and sabbath-breaking. Any further growth of moral sentiment ought to be cherished by ready acknowledgment of good will, and not to be checked by indignant remonstrance, which would produce no practical result.

CRUMMLES AS A MORAL CHARACTER.

HAD any one ventured to impeach the moral character of Mr. VINCENT CRUMMLES, that immortal representative of the stage, then facts, and Mrs. CRUMMLES, and the Phenomenon, would have given the traducer the lie. Yet can we fancy that CRUMMLES would not have been sorry, quite, to see himself at the bar of public opinion, especially as he would come off triumphant. Perhaps there is just a suspicion of the mood of CRUMMLES in the fuss which the Stage is making about its moral character at present. "D— her decency! can she cook collops?" said the old Scotch lady, when a cook was recommended to her as "a decent woman." "Bother their respectability and social 'status!' many people may cry when they hear all this pother about actors; 'can they act?' No one either accuses or defends the private morality of soldiers or sailors, or candlestick-makers, or painters, or newspaper men. Can they fight, can they write, can they paint, can they make candlesticks!—these are the only important matters. Even Mr. PATRICK EGAN is 'of gentle and estimable character'; but that is no consolation to the maimed and murdered victims of the Land League. We must take public people in their public capacity.

The disturbance about the morals, the private characters of actors and actresses and prompters and call-boys, is still raging. Mr. BURNAND and Mr. HOLLINGSHEAD gave their impressions on the subject in print. Mr. BURNAND remarked that the constant talk about the "social status" of actors did not look as if all actors were at ease on that subject in their mind. Members of other professions, he said, were at ease. He observed that girls who went on the boards met temptations there, and that managers had been known to use cholerick words. That was about the sum of what Mr. BURNAND had to disclose. Mr. HOLLINGSHEAD told the world what all the world knows about "mashers" and dancing women and silk tights. The information appeared superfluous; but people must be talking.

Mr. TOOLE, that distinguished and admired player, who has no part nor lot in any slight strictures which may have been passed by moralists or managers, replies to Mr. BURNAND in a speech at Brechin, of all places. Mr. TOOLE is a player and a wit, not a controversialist. Had he been a controversialist, he would either have read all Mr. BURNAND'S article, or he would have pretended to have read it. He did neither. He said he "had seen copious extracts," perhaps in the *Brechin Observer*. On the evidence of extracts he called Mr. BURNAND'S paper "most ungenerous, most 'unjust, most untrue.'" This is a little in CAMBYSES' vein, and it is plain that Mr. TOOLE could do 'ERCLÉS rarely. He said it was not for Mr. BURNAND to settle the social status of the actor. Why, who ever said it was for Mr. BURNAND? "Securus judicat orbis terrarum," the world made up its wise opinion at leisure long ago. Mr. TOOLE says that actors do not use bad language, and we are certain that they only use the language of their equals and contemporaries. Mr. TOOLE says there is plenty of pure charity shown among actors and actresses. "Quis negavit?" They send round the hat for the impoverished doctor, painter, and even the literary chap, and the clergy and hospitals are

largely indebted to them. Again, who is a deniging of it, BETSY? Mr. BURNAND appears to mean to have his innings later; meanwhile he observes, "It seems to me that any thing like a pertinent objection which has been brought against any part of my argument has already been answered in the article itself." Precisely. However, Mr. BURNAND is more fortunate than the American critic who has met the PENTHESILEA of the profession in battle, Miss HARRIET JAY herself.

ἦ δ' ἐπὶ λαὸν
Δάμνατο Πενθεσίλεια, περιτρομέοντο δ' Ἀχαιοί.

Still she smites the critics, and hurls, like the Amazon, "through the Press." Miss JAY finds that her reviewer in the *New York Herald* is "the youngest, the most impudent, and the most impudent of the office boys." "The obscene boy," she adds, "sees the Venus of Milo or the Venus of TITIAN, and cries 'Hullo, she's got no clothes on; here's a lark!'" It appears that the Office Boy (has he a kinsman in the London sporting press?) made remarks on this lady's legs. "That is his notion of the drama."

Finally, if any lady or gentleman wants St. CYRIL's opinion of the drama, here it is—"The spectacles of the stage are the pomp of the DEVIL, and the rest of its matters are all vanity of like kind." And St. MACARIUS "observes that, given certain conditions, even theatre-goers and unmentionable people may get to Heaven."

THE GAME OF ANNEXATION.

GAMES, unlike steam-engines, become more complicated as they develop, and the newest international amusement of annexation is no exception. Annexation is not exactly a fruit of modern civilization. On the contrary, it has a long and distinguished pedigree; but, as played at present, it is not five years old. In ruder times States annexed because they honestly wished to convey their neighbour's property, or because they thought war a wholesome exercise, or because they saw the valley sheep were fatter, and they felt a longing to carry them off. Whatever the special reason might be, the thing was done wholly and solely for the particular good of the Power which did it. Now annexations are made for quite different reasons. Civilized States are snapping up the uncivilized on all hands just as in old days; but it is for far other reasons. One country is taking territory here to protect itself, another is establishing a post there to put spokes into the wheel of the first, a third is extending its protection over distant shores for no very apparent reason except that it cannot lag behind the other two and still preserve its self-respect. The annexations of Austria and Russia, both Conservative States, are carried out on the old lines. They are extensions of frontier, and something quite different from the prevailing craze. France, Germany, Italy, Spain, and Portugal are otherwise engaged. They are one and all seizing bits of the earth's surface at enormous distances from their own shores, and often in the most erratic manner. Dr. JOHNSON wondered whether there was an island still unclaimed by Spain anywhere on the globe. In these days he would not have needed to specify any country as the standing example of greed. All are engaged in the same fashion. In a year or two, if the process goes on at the present rate, there will not be a negro tribe in Central Africa, or a canoe's crew of South Sea Islanders, which does not enjoy the protection of some one among the States of Europe.

Various incidents of this general scramble have been neither to the honour nor the advantage of this country, but on the whole we can afford to look on with some equanimity. German cruisers will sail very far, and Italian expeditions will steam round the world before they find anything so well worth taking as Hindostan, Australia, or New Zealand. England has gone first on the path of honour, and has swept the way. It has done its work so carefully, that it has swept up most of what was likely to repay the labour. There seems also some reason to believe, in spite of certain signs to the contrary, that it will keep what it has got, and add more when necessary. As long as this continues to be the case the planting of German flags in pestilent Senegambian marshes is an event of no pressing interest, except to M. FERRY, whose nose is thereby diplomatically tweaked. For us the most interesting result of the scramble is likely to be the effect it will have on the relations of European Powers towards one another. Since the Congo Conference began to sit, and the

movement of which it is the outcome got into full swing, the respective interests of Continental States have become more complicated than the most elaborate cat's-cradle. The most acute of men might pardonably become puzzled in trying to find out how Germany stands to England and France; how France stands to England, Germany, Italy, Spain, and Portugal; how Italy stands to France, England, and Germany. They are all apparently making incompatible claims, and, when two come to an arrangement, it is instantly upset by a third. Germany has hitherto been the clearest gainer, probably because Prince BISMARCK strikes first and speaks afterwards. In our apparently blundering way, however, we run him close, and now the Italian, the coldest-headed of mankind, in spite of his poetic reputation, seems about to make a remarkably good score. From one point of view, the adventures of Italy have a comic aspect. There are Italians to whom it seems probable that their country may be smothered in the Mediterranean. That is how they put it, and, to avoid this bad end, they are going to lay hold of something in the Red Sea. What it is, nobody except the Ministers who drew up the sealed orders for the naval officers seems to know. It may be Massowa, or Zeila, or Cape Gardafui. The danger looks a little imaginary, and the remedy is of doubtful efficacy. Nevertheless, Italian troops are on their way to the Red Sea, and obviously with the intention of doing something in the way of annexation. If rumours given "on good authority" are to be trusted, this modern version of a Viking's cruise is being undertaken with our approval and almost at our request. Truly things have travelled very fast in five short years. When the most moral of Ministries was established on the ruins of its wicked Jingo predecessor, it was another world. Then there was a scuttling on the most noble moral principles, much shouting of Hands off, and a busy signing of protocols of disinterestedness. Now England is not only annexing, with a bad grace to be sure, but is a cause of annexation by others. Nothing more audacious than this Italian seizure of territory in which it has no real interest was ever seen. That, however, is no matter to wail over. A little cynicism is, on the contrary, a welcome relief in these days of canting sentiment and beggarly performance. The Italian will probably be a better neighbour in the Red Sea than certain others. It is, however, just the probable conduct of the other which is likely to cause difficulties. The other in this case is France. About a generation ago a French naval officer turned up at Massowa and made a treaty with somebody who had a mud fortress and a following of cutthroats in the mountains. Since then Abyssinia, quite unbeknown to itself, has enjoyed the benefit of French protection, and repays it with love and admiration—so, at least, they say in Paris, though we do not know whether anybody on the spot has observed the touching fact. France was so sure of its rights in Massowa in the EMPEROR's days that it asked and received solemn assurances of our disinterestedness when Lord NAPIER of Magdala was on his way to punish King THEODORE. It will be interesting to see whether M. FERRY will quietly allow Italy to do what the EMPEROR protested against when it seemed to be threatened by England. It becomes more probable every day that Prince BISMARCK may rest confident as to the peace of Europe. With France well set by the ears both with Italy and England he may feel tolerably tranquil. Meanwhile there might be instruction in learning what has become of Admiral HEWETT's treaty with the King of ABYSSINIA. We were going to give him Massowa; now we are helping Italy to seize the miserable den. It would also be worth knowing how far we mean to back our new friend up. Is it to be to the length of doing something effectual, or only to the length of making an arrangement, and then climbing down, as in the case of the immortal Congo Treaty?

That remarkable diplomatic feat is no longer without a parallel. It may be merry at the Congo Conference when the engineer is hoist on his own petard, but the merriment will scarcely be for long. This engineer, on the rare occasions when he is hoist, has a way of coming down in unexpected places. The Congo Conference met to settle Africa comfortably and by general arrangement. There have been difficulties, and rather obscure differences of opinion; but things seemed to be progressing in a more or less satisfactory way when France, true to its well-established character, has quietly made an arrangement for itself. All the wisdom of Europe has been puzzling how to give the International Association a clear waterway down

the Congo; and, while it was at work, M. FERRY settled things by making a special treaty with Portugal. This document is, as far as it is known, a mere plagiarism from Mr. GLADSTONE'S. Portugal is to take the south bank of the river and France the north. The Conference may consider the event at its leisure. The best moral it can draw is, that further meetings of the same kind may be dispensed with, for the action of France reduces them to an absurdity. It is ridiculous to call representatives of all the States of Europe to settle a matter of general interest if any two of them are to be allowed to make arrangements at their own convenience over everybody's head. If anything was wanted to show the futility of the Conference, it has been supplied by Prince BISMARCK'S measure of retaliation. He has not asked the Conference to say anything on the subject, but has simply sent a man-of-war to annex an unregarded spot in the midst of the French possessions on the Senegambian coast, and has thereby demonstrated the futility of the Conference beyond cavil. It is probable that this incident has facilitated the acceptance of the English amendment to a clause defining the method of all future annexations. England has determined to keep up the distinction between annexation and protection which Prince BISMARCK thought unnecessary. On the general principle, the PRINCE'S preference for simple methods has guided him aright. In practice, the protection of a barbarous State means the assumption of responsibility without power to control; but we may set our success in gaining our point against the patronage of a dubious political practice and be well satisfied. It is better still to see how thoroughly the progress of the Conference demonstrates the hollowness of the imaginary European league for our punishment. The Powers have met in council, and all they have proved, as far as we are concerned, is, that England has only to hold her own way steadily, and she need fear neither let nor hindrance.

THE LAW OF CHANGE.

WE are not about to enter into competition with the Duke of ARGYLL, or "A. K. H. B.," or any other great metaphysical writer, as the heading of this article might perhaps suggest. "Paullo minora canamus." Let us consider for awhile, not the alternations of growth and decay, but change for a sovereign. This is surely a more practical question, and one which the staunchest Agnostic would not deny to be within the scope of human knowledge. We are all of us liable to be cheated; and some of us have possibly been tempted to cheat such incorporeal entities as Railway Companies or the Inland Revenue. On those rare, those very rare, occasions when an intelligent shopman makes a blunder in addition which is not favourable to the interests of his employer, do we always feel bound to set him right? A question not to be asked. Is THOMAS ASHWELL guilty of larceny? A question to be asked. To the previous question, Who is THOMAS ASHWELL? we reply that he is a labourer, aged forty-five, who has been convicted of larceny at the Leicester Assizes. He was accused of stealing a sovereign from EDWARD KEOGH in the following circumstances. ASHWELL and KEOGH being both in a public-house, ASHWELL asked KEOGH to lend him a shilling. But we cannot say, as Mr. BROWNING does of HERVÉ RIEL, "that he asked, and that he got, nothing more." For having asked a shilling, he got a sovereign. "The prisoner kept it, afterwards denying that he had received any other coin than a shilling." It cannot be denied that this was very wrong on the part of the prisoner. Yet was it legally theft? The famous merry-go-round case, which was argued before all the judges, is sure to turn up on occasions of this kind. But that was somewhat different. For there a little girl had given a sovereign in payment for a ride, the price of which amusement was one penny. Both parties knew perfectly well what the coin was, and the proprietress of the establishment simply refused to give back what she owed. In the case of ASHWELL, the jury found, answering questions put to them by the Court, that KEOGH parted with the sovereign under mistake to ASHWELL, believing it to be a shilling; and that ASHWELL, on discovering that it was a sovereign, fraudulently appropriated it, believing that it was a mistake of KEOGH'S, and having the means of correcting the mistake and returning the sovereign to the prosecutor. But they could not make up their minds on the knotty point whether ASHWELL, at the time when KEOGH handed him the sovereign, knew

that it was a sovereign. The prisoner, being entitled to the benefit of the doubt, it must be assumed in his favour that he did not know.

On these findings Mr. Justice DENMAN ordered a verdict of Guilty to be returned, and reserved the point for the determination of the Court for Crown Cases. We do not, however, understand that Mr. Justice DENMAN intended by so doing to express his own opinion that ASHWELL ought to be convicted. On the contrary, he seems to have thought otherwise, but to have deferred to a doubt expressed in Mr. Justice STEPHEN'S *Digest of the Criminal Law*. "It is doubtful," says that authority, "whether it is theft fraudulently to convert property given to the person converting it, under a mistake of which that person was not aware when he received it." If ASHWELL had been acquitted, the case could not have come in any way before a higher tribunal. An acquittal is final in England, and cannot be questioned, directly or indirectly. Strictly speaking, of course, the jury might have refused to convict ASHWELL, and some judges would have declined to recommend a conviction when they thought that there was no adequate ground for it. Perhaps the course taken in this instance may have been the most convenient, and as ASHWELL has been released on his own recognizances, he cannot suffer in any way. The difficulty is one of strict law, and will no doubt be solved without the slightest reference to ethical considerations. Yet it is one of everyday occurrence, and has great public interest. If ASHWELL is sent to gaol, which of our cabmen should escape whipping? "Larceny," says an author more talked about than read, "is the felonious taking, and carrying away, of the personal goods of another." Legal definitions are apt to be extremely lax, and the epithet "felonious" in this passage might be called an example of *obscurum per obscurius*. But it is rather a straining of language to say that a man feloniously takes and carries away what is voluntarily given him by another. As to the amount of "carrying away" required, there have been some remarkable decisions. Thus, when a man snatched an earring from a lady's ear and afterwards dropped it in her hair, it was held a sufficient *asportavit* to constitute a robbery. But when a bale of goods was raised and placed upon its end in a perpendicular posture, this was thought not to be a sufficient carrying away. There can be no doubt that, if ASHWELL had known he was receiving a sovereign in mistake for a shilling, he would be guilty. The simple question is whether his subsequent dishonesty "relates back," so as to cover what was in itself an innocent act.

UNDERGROUND LANDGRABBING.

THE reader who was surprised by the story told in Lord BURY'S letter to the *Times* on Tuesday must have been endowed with more credulity than memory. Lord BURY came forward as the spokesman of the householders in Exhibition Road, who are threatened with an eruption of blow-holes under their windows. He has to tell a tale which would be astounding if any feat of the Metropolitan District Railway could cause surprise after its achievements on the Thames Embankment. As an instance of audacity, the present doings of this modern Great Company have a certain artistic finish which surpasses what has gone before; but, after all, that is only natural. Practice makes perfect; and, since the Directors have discovered the length of the foot of the Board of Works to a line, they can better their own example by the exercise of a very little ingenuity. According to Lord BURY, and his statements have not been contradicted, the Company was empowered last year to construct a subway from their station at South Kensington to the Horticultural Gardens. This subway was to run up the west side of Exhibition Road, and to be ventilated by openings in the grounds of the Natural History Museum. Now there are men in authority over the Museum, who, being organized and able to make themselves heard, and who, thinking those openings would be a nuisance, put a veto on them. When the Company found itself opposed by a Society in a position to fight, it cast about for an expedient, and it naturally occurred to the able Directors that a good way of avoiding trouble would be to inflict the nuisance on a third party less capable of offering effectual opposition. The helpless victims chosen were the householders in Exhibition Road. They own the houses, but they do not own the soil of the road; therefore they need not be regarded. The Vestry which might have put a stop to the invasion was soothed in the mysterious way in which these

intelligent bodies can be quieted, as railway directors well know, and the Company's engineers went to work at once. The main drain was pushed to one side, and gangs of navvies, duly reinforced by machines, no doubt, have been busy day and night till the subway with its blowholes seems within a measurable distance of becoming an accomplished fact.

Now all this is perfectly illegal. The Company knows as much, and, according to Lord BURY, avows it with some snapping of its energetic fingers. The Directors are not empowered to make a subway under Exhibition Road or to open blowholes in its middle. The consent of the Vestry cannot confer powers not granted by the private Act. It is equally certain that the blowholes will be a nuisance. Exhibition Road is crowded enough as it is, during the half of the year now devoted to the shows after which it has been rebaptized. Rows of cabs and carriages block the way to the houses. Crowds of sightseers swarm along the pavements. "Vendors of chestnuts, tracts, indiarubber spiders, "obscene literature, lollypops, and other commodities camp "on the curbway," says Lord BURY, drawing on a painful experience, but by no means overcolouring the facts, as every Londoner knows. Now the Company is engaged in adding to all these obstructions by taking slices out of what little clear space is left, the point of the joke being that it has absolutely no legal power to lift as much as one square foot of the surface of Exhibition Road. But legal power and virtual power are two quite different things, as the Metropolitan District Railway has found out. It has only to do a thing off its own bat, and the Board of Works will easily be convinced that what is done cannot be undone without serious pecuniary loss to the doer, and of course it is impossible to contemplate the infliction of such a wrong. Lord BURY and other householders in his position deserve every sympathy. The mere sight of a blowhole opposite one's dining-room window is a permanent nuisance, quite apart from the perpetual worry it can inflict by further obstructing the traffic of a frequently overcrowded thoroughfare. But what is to be done? It is only too probable that the householders will find themselves left unsupported. They know themselves to be without legal right to offer opposition. The Vestry has been tamed, if it ever needed taming. The Board of Works has shown clearly enough how ready it is to submit when it has been defied by a Railway Company. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL may act on a sworn information, and that is obviously Lord BURY's last hope. We trust, though with at least a suspension of confidence, that it may be justified. There is, of course, absolutely no reason why the Company should be allowed to profit by its own wrong. If it does an illegal thing, it should be made to suffer for it. The loss of the money spent in burrowing in ground it has no right to touch would be a just punishment for its impertinent trespass. The end of the opposition to the squat dwarf chimneys on the Embankment, however, shows how helpless the public can be in the presence of a resolute and wealthy corporation. In the present case, too, the same cant will be ready to cover the same impudent greed. We shall be compelled to listen to the old rubbish about the general convenience, and the good of the ubiquitous British workman. The best chance for Lord BURY and his friends is that this time the thing is a little too audacious. The aggression is more open, and the excuse less plausible. There is not even the shadow of a public need to justify the committing of this illegality for the benefit of a private Company. When London hears that the authorities of the Kensington National History Museum were able to put a stop to works apparently justified by law, while the householders in Exhibition Road have to submit to a nuisance committed in flagrant defiance of right, it may well bethink itself. If we are not to be taken possession of bodily by the Companies, it is high time a fight was made. The present opportunity is a most favourable one, for the case against the District Railway seems clear. It will be most disgraceful if no effort is made to profit by it. Lord BURY is to be thanked for having done his best to render the making of the effort possible. He has exposed the evil, and has shown the remedy. If he is not supported, it will be no fault of his.

REVOLVERS.

A CORRESPONDENT has been good enough to inform us that the gun licence applies to revolvers. We were aware of the fact. The law which makes murder a capital offence applies to burglars. But nevertheless burglars, like

other Christian men, bear arms, and shoot at policemen with them. A gun is a conspicuous weapon, which can scarcely be carried without observation. Therefore the payment imposed by the Legislature for the privilege of using it can easily be exacted. If our correspondent, or anybody else, will suggest a method of discovering how many people carry revolvers in their pockets, he will deserve well of his country, and may expect, like the man who squared the circle with a piece of paper and half-a-crown, to be made "a K.C.B., or something of that kind." It is all very well for Parliament to say that "every person who shall use or carry a firearm of any description elsewhere than in a dwelling-house, or the curtilage thereof, without having in force a licence duly granted to him under this Act, shall forfeit the sum of ten pounds." To the large and interesting class of people who think that whatever is ordered to be done is done, this is, no doubt, enough. But the fact remains that the population of London cannot be searched by the police to see whether they are carrying revolvers. The great and alarming increase in the manufacture and employment of deadly weapons is due to a general feeling of insecurity, and an impression that the law does not sufficiently protect peaceable citizens against lawless violence. We may consider these sentiments unreasonable, and argue against them as much as we please. That will not get rid of them, and they afford a tolerably good index to the success of arrangements for coping with crime. If we want to discourage the practice of carrying firearms, we must remove the dangers which induce people to carry them. When rogues go about armed to the teeth, and no one says them nay, honest men can hardly be expected to forego the ordinary means of self-defence. With the provision of more perfect security the tendency to amateur pistolling would disappear. No burglar who knew his business would at present begin operations until he had laid in a stock of murderous weapons for use in case of need. The unhappy policeman, furnished only with a truncheon, is speedily reduced to extremities.

This matter of armed burglars is one which requires to be dealt with decisively and at once. It should be made a separate offence for any burglar to carry a revolver or pistol of any kind. The punishment for each offence should be, we say without hesitation, flogging. It is never pleasant to advocate the infliction of the cat. But it is the only method which will answer in the worst cases. It stopped garrotting, let Mr. PETER TAYLOR manipulate statistics as he may. It is the one thing which the most callous and brutal ruffians upon earth distinctly fear. Imprisonment has few terrors for them. Penal servitude they are prepared for, as being in the ordinary course of mundane things. But to the wholeness of their skins they cling with a desperate tenacity which survives the loss of all other traces of humanity. We cannot see why any squeamishness should be felt about flogging armed burglars. Flogging is constantly inflicted for the crime known technically as robbery with violence; and what else is the housebreaker with his revolver engaged in? Every armed burglar is morally a murderer, meaning to take the lives of innocent people who molest or resist him. As the law now stands and is now administered, there is nothing to discourage people of burglarious pursuits from carrying deadly weapons. They may hope that they shall not have to kill anybody, lest they should find their way to the gallows. But that is a remote risk which scarcely seems to trouble them much. Another distinct penalty which might well be inflicted is imprisonment with hard labour for eighteen months—a form of discipline combined with seclusion known to try the stoutest constitution. This might be added to the flogging, or, if Parliament should unhappily prove too soft-hearted, substituted for it. Mercy to burglars is surely the height of absurdity. They are not persons who fall into crime through want or sudden impulse. Many of them are quite as well off as Mr. RAYNER in the *House on the Marsh*, and they have all deliberately devoted their lives to violence and fraud. The business of a burglar is highly complicated. He requires training, intelligence, and an extensive country connexion. Society has, with the exception of the dynamiters, no more daring, determined, or capable enemies. Not to draw their teeth by every possible means is suicidal policy. As for the talk about "brutalizing" them, it is sheer nonsense. Flogging brutalizes children, no doubt. But to brutalize men like WRIGHT and WHEATLEY is beyond the power of the strongest warder wielding the heaviest lash. It is, if it may be said without irreverence, beyond the power of Omnipotence to make a man a brute when he is one already.

THE DAMAGE DONE.

ONE amazing thing about the recent explosions is the slightness of their effects. Nearly all have merely given work to the glazier. London Bridge is none the worse for the attempt so ingeniously planned in December. Six months after the explosion in St. James's Square not a trace of damage was to be seen. It might have been thought, prior to experience, that the White Tower, massive as it is, would have been rent in twain by the bursting of such a charge of dynamite in a confined space. The House of Commons has suffered most, as was to be expected where there was so much ornament and so many small details obnoxious to the blast. But in Westminster Hall there is wonderfully little harm done. Again it is chiefly a "glazier's job." This is partly owing to the presence of mind shown by the policeman COLE. Had the dynamite gone off where it was first placed, the consequences must have been far more serious. The space is very confined, the steps to the crypt of St. Stephen's—properly, if we mistake not, the chapel of St. Laurence—being only an expanded newel. In all probability the force of the explosion would have ruined the chapel, have seriously damaged what Mr. FENGUSON has labelled the "unmeaning gallery" above, and have shaken the foundations of the great southern archway, if it did not bring it down. Besides this, the visitors, of whom at least five seem to have been close by, must almost to a certainty have been killed by the falling stones, if not by the detonation itself. But, exploding as it did, owing to the devotion of COLE, in a comparatively open space, its effects were reduced to a minimum. At the Tower of London the conditions were very different. Owing to the way in which the small arms are disposed, the architecture is very effectually hidden; but to understand what happened we must remember that the only vaulted chambers in the White Tower are the chapel and its crypts. The other chambers have only wooden floors. The dynamite easily made holes in these floors, above and below, and so expended its energy. As it is, the Tower and its invaluable collections have sustained very little injury, and the promptness with which the gates were shut and the fire extinguished is calculated to encourage our confidence in the military authorities in charge.

The money cost of these explosions is considerable. It has been variously estimated during the past week, and has in some places been calculated at as much as 100,000*l.* This is probably excessive. As to the House of Commons one side must be practically rebuilt—an operation which, in view of the approaching increase in the number of members and the long-standing complaint as to overcrowding, will probably involve a complete reconstruction coupled with enlargement, which cannot of course be wholly charged to the explosion account. In Westminster Hall the glass casements, with their leading at the north end, are completely blown out, though, strange to say, the much larger southern window standing nearer the point at which the explosion occurred was on the first day thought to be but little the worse. Its compartments were all more or less bulging outwards, and the reconstruction of all the leadwork, and much glass also, is probably involved. The roof has not suffered much, except as to slates. It will, of course, be necessary to examine each of the great beams carefully; but, considering all things, the people, both of England and of America, who look upon Westminster Hall with a veneration only second to that with which they regard Westminster Abbey, are to be congratulated at its comparative escape. The damages in the Tower are very slight. The clever armourers who make laurel wreaths of bayonets and festoons of flint locks will have some additional work cut out for them. The glaziers will profit in these dull times. A new feature of interest is added to the history of the building, and future beekeepers will have a new sight to show. There the matter almost ends; but it is probable that when, once more, the public is admitted to visit the Armouries, the old regulations will be enforced again. For some years the warders have not personally conducted parties, but have stood at certain points to offer information. It may now be thought needful to revert to the older practice, and put a small party into the charge of a single guide. One thing more it may be worth while to observe. In damaging the historical buildings of England the dynamite fiend injures the Americans as well as the English. If Congress passes a Bill for the protection of the public buildings of London, it will do so in its own interest as well as in ours.

LORD RIPON'S APOLOGIA.

WE do not imagine for a moment that the Leeds Liberal Club in entertaining Lord RIPON at dinner had any other object in view than that of showing sympathy with their distinguished guest, and antipathy to their political opponents. Incidentally, however, they have rendered a useful service to the public at large, and even—though this, of course, we do not expect them to perceive—to the very opponents against whose detestable views of Indian policy they have been raising the convivial protest. For they have elicited from the late Viceroy of India a long and detailed defence of his administration; and, while the country in general will be glad to examine this, the adverse critics of Lord RIPON's measures will be purely grateful for it. Considered merely as a study in unconscious self-disclosure, we could desire no better illustration of the essential error and danger of such a rule as Lord RIPON's than is to be found in almost every line of his amiable, anxious, academic apology. Take, for instance, that most characteristic line of argument by which the author of the Ilbert Bill deduces the wisdom and, indeed, inevitableness of that measure from the harmless necessary truth that it is the duty of England to educate the nation of India. His audience, he said, would pardon him if he employed the language of one who once had the honour of representing the borough of Leeds in Parliament. "Are we," asked this authority, "to keep the people of India ignorant in order that we may keep them submissive? Or do we think that we can give them knowledge without awakening ambition? Or do we mean to awaken ambition and provide it with no legitimate vent?" Now one or other of these questions may be answered in the affirmative by every person who maintains that "we ought permanently to exclude the people of India from high office." But nobody will answer any one of them in the affirmative. Therefore the people of India ought to be admitted to high office. Q. E. D. And therefore, too, let us add by way of corollary, the sooner we prepare our minds for the appointment of a Baboo Viceroy the better. Lord RIPON, of course, has no such consequence of his argument as this in immediate contemplation. He is satisfied for the moment with the proof of the general proposition, and his artless confidence in the value of this effort of victorious logic is eminently characteristic of the man and the mind. Let no one, however, point the finger of scorn in future at those Continental theorists who undertake to construct constitutions and to govern nations on the strength of a skilfully-concatenated series of abstract propositions—a chain of which every link is united with admirable neatness and security to its fellows, while it is itself as firmly attached at both ends to nothing at all. Let us never in future rejoice that our English statesmen are not ideologues, unpractical, phrasemongers, or even as those Frenchmen whom we have been wont to make a mock of in so many complacent figures of speech.

Good is logic—good considered in its formal shape and as a mental discipline no less than as a quality of reasoning, in which latter capacity, indeed, it is rarely safe to dispense with it; and never by us shall a harsh word be applied even to those who, through neglect of the matter of their syllogisms, induce the ignorant vulgar to believe that there is something in a strict scholastic process itself which leads naturally to absurd practical conclusions. Hence we make it no reproach to Lord RIPON that he has committed this very offence in the present instance; more especially as the precision of the form into which he has thrown his argumentative defence of his policy renders it easier to expose the logical pitfalls with which it abounds. Are we prepared, Lord RIPON asks, to answer any one of the above-quoted questions in the affirmative? The reply to that inquiry is easy. We are no more prepared to answer any of them either with a simple "Yes" or a simple "No" than was our old friend of the schools, the young man who was asked whether he "had yet left off beating his father." Nor is it any more necessary for us to do so than for him. For there is no one of Lord RIPON's questions which is entitled either to the affirmative or the negative answer until something has been added to it; there is none of them which might not, according to the construction of its terms, be answered either in the affirmative without absurdity, or in the negative without assisting Lord RIPON to his practical conclusion. What, for instance, is the sort of "knowledge" which we are to substitute for the ignorance of the people of India? If it is to be a knowledge

in the only valuable sense of the word—if it is to be an education which opens their minds to the facts of life—one can instantly give Lord RIXON's question the answer which he requires for it; and much good may it do him. The first thing that an education of that kind would teach the Bengali—about whom alone, be it remembered, all this pother is being made—is that the English Raj is the only power which stands between him and his extinction or subjugation by the fiercer and hardier peoples of the peninsula. The next thing he would learn would be that the race on which he thus depends for his protection must be supreme; and that the notion of the Bengali's sharing power with them, except to his own risk and detriment, is a purely whimsical one. Here, then, the more knowledge our Baboo acquires, the better for us and the worse for Lord RIXON's policy. We have no need to keep him in ignorance in order to keep him submissive, when the first lesson of enlightenment would be that of submission. If, on the other hand, the knowledge we are to give him is to be less than this—if his education is never to reach such a standard, but is to cease at the point of having taught him just enough to blind him to the truth of his position, and to fill him with aspirations only to be fulfilled to his own ruin—then we should reply without hesitation that it would be better to keep him in ignorance. If, however, as may very likely be the case, the perilous stage of errors must be passed through before the safety of full knowledge can be reached, then again we can answer Lord RIXON's question with his desired negative without giving the least assistance to his argument. That a little learning is a dangerous thing may be no reason for declining to educate, but it is an excellent reason for not regarding the pupil as out of the danger of self-delusion until his education is complete. Between the "drink deep" and the "taste not" we may have no difficulty of choice whatever; but if we reject the "taste not," we must satisfy ourselves that the draught is sufficiently deep.

The same sort of treatment applies with equal force to each of the other steps in Lord RIXON's argument. Do we think that we can give the people of India knowledge without awakening ambition? No; we do not think so. Do we mean to awaken ambition and provide it with no legitimate vent? No; we do not mean to do so. But until the nature of the ambition is defined and its "legitimate vent" indicated, how much further forward does this help the policy of the Ilbert Bill? Are we *always* to prevent a child from looking in the water by moonlight? Or do we think that we can do so without awakening an ambition for the moon? Or do we mean to awaken that ambition and provide it with no legitimate vent? How does this reasoning differ from Lord RIXON's? Is it formally any less cogent or materially any more liable to objection than his? The answer to our three questions is, that a child may be allowed to look into water by moonlight, but that its ambition to obtain the moon must be checked by explaining to it that for that ambition there is no "legitimate vent." If the child cannot at first understand the nature of the phenomenon of reflection, the nurse must simply wait till it does. The answers to Lord RIXON's three questions are precisely analogous. It is not necessary to keep the people of India ignorant, but if knowledge inspires them with impossible ambitions, the fact that these ambitions are impossible, and the reason why they are, must be explained to the people of India; and if they cannot at first appreciate the force of the explanation, we must wait till the growth of their knowledge enables them to do so. In the meantime there is rarely any great difficulty in getting a child to accept the nurse's explanation provisionally, and without appreciating its full force, if only the nurse is sufficiently decided in the correction of the infant's false impression at the outset. The real mischief arises when one nurse, through misplaced sympathy with the child's ambition, promises it the moon, and after it has become thoroughly "fractious" and discontented with the delay in providing "legitimate vent for its ambition," hands over her duties to another nurse, to whom falls the difficult task of persuading it that the moon is really beyond its reach. And when Lord RIXON encouraged the natives of India to believe in the possibility of sharing power with the ruling race, he played, if he will forgive us the comparison, the part of the foolish nurse to perfection.

JACK AND JOE.

A Field near Bromwicham, in the County of Warwick.
JACK CADE and his Company.

CADE. A merry day's work this of our High Court of Justice. This corporation, this purse-bellied body municipal, is better confiscating than a clerk here and a chandler there. We have examined, tried, and ransomed them without appeal, and returned the record into our own breeches pocket, which is the treasury of the sovereign people till we be pleased therein to take further order. 'Tis pity a corporation hath no neck, but hanging is gone out of fashion since we took to stealing by the card and called it restitution. We have shown them the rate of their rates, and the precept of their precepts; from henceforth they shall sue no man, nor owe no man anything, for debts and credits are all abolished. Goodman Jesse hath of our special grace an allotment of half an acre, and full freedom to live by such potatoes as he can grow on 't, if Bevis or Holland here avouch not within seventy years that 'a stole it. There's one yet I would fain come to speech withal. Where's master Joseph the nailwright?

DICK. Your lordship shall have no need. He comes to bring his duty to your lordship.

Enter JOSEPH.

JOSEPH. Brother Jack, I do commend thy valour with the most free salutation of my fellow-citizens; and yet methinks, under favour, thou hast been somewhat over-hasty in this action. There be distinctions and respects of men that are well disposed and evil disposed, of aristocrats and friends of the people. There be some of the best of my company have been so entreated by thine officers as they were no better than a duke's son or an archdeacon. I would thou hadst told me betimes, and thou shouldst have been a gainer by our counsel.

CADE. Brother Joseph, thou art a welcome counsellor and a profitable. A man should be the best counsellor in his own matters, and thou shalt counsel me of thine own ransom. Look you, with what a lean and popular presence he bears himself! Go to, we know the tale of thy balances and thy credits. Have we not nationalized the banks? This is a knavery to hide that he is sacked the fattest prize of them all.

(At a sign from CADE, DICK the butcher and SMITH the weaver seize JOSEPH.)

JOSEPH. Nay, brother Jack, what welcome is this to your constant lover and fellow-citizen? What! Master Cade! what! Sir John! what! my good lord!

CADE. No offence in the world, brother Joseph. We do but steal in jest, pull up landmarks in jest, ransom in jest, as thou didst ask riddles and babble of lilies. If thou be an honest man, assess me the ransom thou shalt pay, or I will plainly convince thee of felony. Dick and Smith have arrested thy person in the name of thy goods, to which goods I have a natural birthright. We will take them all first, and afterwards do equity in the shares as occasion serves. The People reign in pure sovereignty; I am their Treasurer, Justiciar, and Lord High Chancellor, and the rule of equity shall be measured by my own foot.

JOSEPH. Is this my desert? Have I not ever maintained the commons? Have I not reviled churches and spoken evil of dignities? Have I not railed upon landlords?

CADE. Thou art a hypocrite and a very shallow villain. I will prove upon thee that thou art a land-thief, a landlord, a land-grabber.

JOSEPH. This is the very madness of calumny. I have wronged no man, trespassed on nothing of the commonwealth's; my credits and my moneys are gotten in the fair way of trade.

CADE. Mark my proof then; you have taught us this gift of the tongue, and we will better the instruction. Art thou not a screw-monger?

JOSEPH. An honest and necessary commodity.

CADE. Peace, and mark you. Screws are of iron, iron is dug out of the earth, and land is but earth. Thou art an open and notorious engrosser of screws; therefore an iron-grabber, therefore an earth-grabber, therefore a land-grabber, and the worth of all thy screws is all too little for the egregious ransom thou owest. For that supposed love of the commons thou dost rehearse, know that the damnable sin of aristocracy standeth not in birth and titles, as your economizing Radicals do vainly talk, but in the inherent corruption of capital, whereof thou art a thousand times guilty. Thou hast gardens and greenhouses, and men about thee that are versed in fertilizing orchids, a lewd and liberal pastime which this our purged common weal may in no wise endure in a private citizen. Wilt thou live in a glass house of orchids, and throw stones at the bishop and the squire? Thou hast toiled to bring down that which was theirs, and span a web of most idle words to keep up that which was thine. But you may spare the spinning for me; Jack Cade the clothier knows warp and woof better than to be tangled in your logics and your economics. All things of man's use are begotten of the sun and the air upon the earth and the water; which elements being common, all things are common indifferently, and all property doth offend against the law of nature. Property is a name for that which I come to take, and I take first whatsoever comes readiest—namely, thy moneys and thy bills. Land is an immovable thing, a sluggish thing, an unprofitable thing. Were not the business done, I could find it in my heart to leave it to the landlords again. Money is nimble,

brisk, and marvellously comforting to the concoction of our new democratic humours. We will abolish money too in good time, but not till this be spent.

JOSEPH. Shall I be flatly robbed? no purchase, no compensation? CADE. Brother Joseph, thou hast in a half-hearted fashion done us a good turn or so; there shall be no anger betwixt us; we will deal graciously with thee. We are not lawyers to be fettered with judgments and precedents; thou shalt have a law to thyself, a gentle and a moderate law. Thine estate shall not be confiscated, but only taxed in a manner of just graduation, five thousand in the hundred on every head of orchids, and a fresh thousand more for every shilling's worth above twenty. Sirrah Dick, go fetch me him that was clerk of the town council; 'a shall cast the account, if 'a be not by misadventure hanged. Here is a merchant from the Americas to trade for the folios of William Shakespeare's plays that were in your town library; they are but a young folk over there, and still mad enough to give money for such gear. My lordship will account for the price when it shall please the sovereign people, and that shall be when it pleaseth me. God be with you the while, brother Joseph.

[Exit JOSEPH, guarded.]

PITY A POOR PROPHET.

IT was a weakness of George Warrington, as recorded by his creator and biographer, to seek acquaintance with superlative persons. He "liked to know the strongest man in England, or the man who could drink the most beer in England, or that tremendous Republican of a hatter," and so forth. If Mr. Warrington were alive now (and we very much wish that he was), he might without much trouble have known on Wednesday afternoon the unhappiest man in England. The unhappiest man in England on Wednesday afternoon was, or ought to be, Mr. James O'Kelly, M.P. for Roscommon, and military critic to the *Freeman's Journal*. Ever since the beginning of the Soudan Expedition Mr. O'Kelly, M.P., on the strength apparently of a holiday raid into Upper Egypt last autumn, and of a stray commission or two for correspondence from London papers, and of a considerable share of some of the qualities attributed by the enemy to Irishmen, has posed as an authority on the Soudan question. Latterly his tripod has not been a more august tripod than that of the *Freeman's Journal*, and as the B. B. Saxon does not read that organ of freedom as diligently as he should, Mr. O'Kelly has been dependent for fame on such scraps and bribes of his vaticinations and criticisms as the Dublin agents of English newspapers chose to send over. At last Mr. O'Kelly had his opportunity. The dash across the Bayuda Desert disturbed wisacres, and the silence which preceded and followed the battle of Abu Klea disturbed them still more. Mr. O'Kelly saw his game, and he pointed out telegraphically, but in many columns, how Sir Herbert Stewart was playing ducks and drakes with the rules of war. We have no certain intelligence as to the circumstances, origin, or character of Mr. O'Kelly's acquaintance with the rules of war; but as the silence went on, so would Mr. O'Kelly still more be talking. At last, on the very morning of the day when the news of the complete success of Lord Wolseley's plan and General Stewart's expedition arrived, there appeared a final article from Mr. O'Kelly. As we have said, the readers of Mr. O'Kelly's lucubrations in the original are not (on this side of the water) numerous, and an analysis of this luckless letter, which in its printed form was coming across the Channel just as the news of the junction with Gordon's men was coming across the other Channel, is really worth doing. It shows the stuff of which, in too many cases, modern journalism is made; it shows the feeling of Irishmen towards England; it shows, perhaps, best of all, *la bêtise humaine*—a subject of perennial interest. What Mr. O'Kelly may have said since matters little, and it would not make up for his unlucky vaticinations if news of some disaster arrived to-morrow. It may, however, be interesting to readers to know that Mr. O'Kelly pronounces "events" to have "fully justified his criticism" (a criticism which, as it will be seen, declared several things which have actually happened to be not unlikely but impossible), and that he coolly accuses the authorities of "burking" correspondence. *Cum ignorantia insolentia bene convenit*. It is fair to add that the Mahdi's "military incapacity" raises Mr. O'Kelly's genuine wrath.

The letter (upon which Mr. O'Kelly's employers of the Irish print founded an of course melancholy anticipation of "a new *Isandula*") begins with criticism of criticism. Lord Wolseley's Bashi-Bazouk explanation is "rather a poor joke." The views of the military critics of the London press "have constantly proved to be all wrong." Sir Gerald Graham's letter to the *Times* deprecating panic was a plagiarism from one of Mr. O'Kelly's letters to the *Freeman*. Then Mr. O'Kelly passes to criticism itself. "Stewart has information, more or less reliable, that Omdurman has fallen into the Arabs' hands." Now long before Mr. O'Kelly wrote this every one had read Lord Wolseley's telegram throwing doubt on the capture of Omdurman. Mr. O'Kelly, regardless of this, says that "it is probable that Gordon's steamers could not make their way north at all." This a week ago was a reasonable inference; it had ceased to be so long before Mr. O'Kelly wrote; and, as a matter of fact, the steamers had met Sir Charles Wilson nearly a week before Mr. O'Kelly said it was improbable they could meet him. Nevertheless, supporting himself on these and

other arguments, Mr. O'Kelly comes to the conclusion that "Sir Gerald Graham is a better hand at fighting than at strategy." General Graham demolished, Mr. O'Kelly returns to the person whom, now that he is victorious, he will perhaps call his countryman—Lord Wolseley. Again he knows all about it. Lord Wolseley thought that an Englishman would not find his way across the Desert as well as a Bashi-Bazouk, and, as we know, Captain Pigott did lose his way. But Mr. O'Kelly (having taken a return ticket—to Wady Halfa was it, or where?) knows much better. "The truth is," says Mr. O'Kelly, "General Wolseley does not seem to understand the game he is playing, or the men he is playing it with." This, be it remembered, was on Wednesday morning. "No one," said Mr. O'Kelly, "could think over the situation without the gravest misgivings for Stewart's column." He might have taken the advantage of the night to retreat on Abu Klea (as a matter of fact, he took the advantage of the night to advance on Gubat), and that was not merely the best that could be hoped, but "the best that can have befallen." Observe, "the best that can have befallen." Victory, according to our prophet, was impossible. Help from Gordon is "not worth discussing; it is really too ridiculous." Observe, again, Mr. O'Kelly did not think it unlikely that an officer of Gordon's had days before he wrote joined the expeditionary force with men, steamers, provisions, and guns. Had he thought this, it would have been a fair opinion. According to him, the idea of this actually accomplished fact was "ridiculous and not worth discussing." But this unfortunate member for Roscommon had not done committing himself even at this point. Even he is not quite insensible to the importance of the saving clause, and forgetting that he has just declared that "the best which can befall" is a retreat on Abu Klea, he proceeds to discuss the chances of General Stewart reaching and entrenching himself upon the Nile. In this case he says the Arabs would hem him in and the camels would have no food, and they would die. Did Providence make islands in the Nile plentifully supplied with forage on purpose to confound Home Rule members of Parliament who take to military journalism? That is an intricate kind of *théodicée*; but it really looks like it.

It is not often that it is worth while to examine thus in detail the utterances of an obscure and unauthoritative person writing in a provincial journal. But, after all, Mr. O'Kelly is a member of Parliament, and as such is trusted by the supreme wisdom of our representative system with the right of speaking and voting on questions of importance to the English commonweal. Moreover, the *Freeman's Journal* is a kind of leading journal to a not inconsiderable section of Her Majesty's subjects. What a curious light it throws on the gullibility of newspaper readers in general, and the anti-English passions of newspaper Irish readers in particular, that stuff like this should be ventured on! For it will be seen that in the points to which attention has been more particularly called the prophet has gone out of his way to court disparagement. "The best that can have befallen" is a retreat on Abu Klea; help from Gordon is "not worth discussing, and really too ridiculous." An entrenchment on the river would be surrounded by the Arabs, with the result of the camels starving. All these things our critic advances, not as possibilities or as probabilities, but peremptorily; and all these things had been proved to be false and absurd almost before any one on this side St. George's Channel read his words. Any one can see that writing of this sort is made to order. Its probable readers are tickled by the agreeable prospect it holds out, and condone the prophet's failure if he fails. "After all," said the good-natured man who falsely imagined himself to be a lottery winner, "I had twenty thousand pounds to my fortune during those ten minutes." The readers of the *Freeman* could between breakfast and lunch time on Wednesday rejoice in the idea of that helter-skelter retreat by night to Abu Klea, of the starving camels, of the impossibility of communication with Gordon, of the way in which General Wolseley (a renegade Irishman, who ought at this moment to be planning the next dynamite scare, *bedad!*), was first made a hare of in argument and strategics and acquaintance with military matters generally by O'Kelly, M.P., the boy for Roscommon, and then chawed up completely by Mither Sullivan, from Cork, who calls himself the Mahdi. Moreover, this kind of consolation is endless. Perhaps, as Mr. O'Kelly has undertaken the part of Jomini *redivivus*, some other Irish M.P. will do the medical business, and prove that it is impossible for General Stewart to recover. That might revive the failing spirits of the readers of the *Freeman's Journal*.

Morals are unpopular things, but perhaps a moral or two may be got out of Mr. O'Kelly. Some persons, who are free from any suspicion of his motives, have in the last fortnight gone rather near to his fault. We are unable, we confess, to see any good whatever in pessimist or nagging criticism of the unfinished schemes of a general in the field. Such criticism can hardly have any beneficial effect on its subject; it encourages enemies at home and abroad; it causes a great deal of grief and anxiety to the weaker brethren and sisters, and it is very rarely justified. We constantly see amateur critics (including War Correspondents with the forces) say, "Yes! it was a success, but it would have been an awful smash if it had not succeeded." Of course it would, but it did succeed, and it was meant to succeed; and it succeeded because it was meant to succeed, and because those who took part in it did not bother about possibilities of failure. One would think that these doleful critics had never read their Grimm, or at least had forgotten the immortal story of the household which gradually congregated in the cellar weeping for the possible misfortunes of a

maiden's possible child. How on earth such critics suppose that the military, and still more the naval, successes of Englishmen in the past have been won we are at a loss to imagine. It is certain that, if "when brave Broke he waved his sword crying now, my lads, aboard," he had instead been in his cabin calculating the mathematical chances of the *Chesapeake's* towing the *Shannon* under her stern into port, the tide of American successes at sea would not have been turned; and we know that all the O'Kellys of the day agreed that when Wellington put his inferior forces with their backs on that wood on a certain June day seventy years ago, he was violating the rules of war in a hideous manner and courting ill-fortune. But somehow or other when you court ill-fortune in this fashion, and in the fashion in which General Stewart has been courting her, she has a remarkable knack of not coming; and, when you take very elaborate measures not to court her, she is apt, perhaps, to stay away, but certainly to keep good fortune away too. Far be it from us to recommend "foolhardiness," but most assuredly the events of the Gakdul-Gubat march have not for the first time proved the excellence of the motto "Go in and win."

LORD RIPON'S LAST LEGACY.

A DISPUTE about landed interests in Bengal which has lasted for twelve years may well claim an occasional notice. The Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, in a letter not more lengthy than the subject demands, does not exaggerate when he says that the Bengal Tenancy Bill is undoubtedly the most important subject which has engaged the attention of the Government since the days of Lord Cornwallis. Of course these remarks only apply to the provinces of Bengal and Behar. The controversy has been marked by one or two enlivening episodes. There has been a pretty little quarrel between a Secretary to the Government of India and the Chief Justice of Bengal, in which the latter has denounced a memorandum issued from the Home Department as "a most bitter and scurrilous libel." The antagonism of race between the independent Englishman and the native Zemindar educated Baboo or journalist, excited by the Ilbert Bill, has been toned down by the necessity of making common cause against what both antagonists conceive to be an attack on the Perpetual Settlement. But the respective position of the Zemindar and Ryot, agricultural tenancies on one part and manorial rights on the other, is the real point at issue. The flame burst out in the time of Sir G. Campbell; it was turned to smoke by the palliatives of Sir R. Temple; it derived fresh fuel from the Commission of Inquiry appointed by Sir A. Eden; the Government of India, whether in the hands of Lord Lytton or Lord Ripon, had positively no option but to try and quench it by legislation; and the late Viceroy, however responsible for mischief-making in one direction and inaction in another, would have deserved Parliamentary censure had he not fairly tried to bring to a settlement this long-pending, intricate, but inevitable dispute. Why Lord Ripon should have left India at the finest season of the year, with the reports of the local authorities on the disputed clauses of the Draft Act ready to his hand, and with the Legislative Session of his own Council prepared for action, is a question we shall not attempt to solve. But whether Lord Dufferin is animated or deterred by Irish precedents and experience, the kindred subject of Bengal landed rights and interests is the first thing that he is bound to settle. Nothing short of a gigantic war or a famine ought to stop him.

In the multitude of minutes, reports, memorials, amended sections, and indignant protests which have been scattered about during the last year, it is gratifying to find that the District Collectors and Commissioners of Revenue exhibit a knowledge of the people, an acquaintance with involved tenures, and an appreciation of the dangers of redundant or defective legislation, which proves that they have not lost touch of the community, and which would have done credit to officials of the school of Mouro, Thomason, or Lawrence. The opinions of the judicial officers specially selected for the purpose also display, as might have been expected, a familiarity with landed property in Bengal and Behar in all its phases. In memorials from the Landholders' Associations, sent from more than one part of the Presidency, nothing has been omitted which could give point to the Zemindars' view of the question, and set their legal and equitable claims in the clearest light. The letter of the Government of Bengal, reviewing antagonistic theories, endeavouring to reconcile divergent claims, and suggesting compromises without losing sight of first principles, is a very good specimen of conscientious and accurate work, though in some matters it may be thought to bear against the Zemindar. A perusal of an official literature covering seven hundred pages of the Government *Gazette* enables us to select the following prominent points on which the Government of Lord Dufferin will have to come to a speedy decision, to give that decision permanent shape in sections and clauses, and to take care that either by executive strength or judicial interpretation the new law shall be recognized and obeyed.

It is unnecessary to spend time in proving that, as a rule, no such thing as an estate in fee simple exists in Bengal. The advocates of paramount and unrestricted Zemindary right deserve no more attention than Scottish Jacobites who believed in the innocence of Queen Mary. Neither have we to demonstrate that the recent action of the Governments of India and Bengal is amply warranted by the reservation in favour of the Ryots which forms

one of the weightiest sections of the Legislature of 1793. That two and three individuals have co-existent rights in the same real, or as it is better termed in India, immoveable property; that these rights if hardly defined with sufficient precision, are discernible equally by the vigorous administrator and by the impartial judge; that when they seem to clash there is usually some device or custom by which they can be made to work in harmony, or saved from annihilation; that if the privileges of the Zemindar are multifarious, lucrative, and exalted, the rights of the tenant are tangible, recognized by statutes and judicial decrees, and by the custom occasionally more lasting than either; these are all axioms to be found in the exhaustive minutes of Shore, in the decisions of H. J. Colebrooke, in the legislation of Canning, and in the luminous but controversial writings of Sir John P. Grant. They have been acted on steadily by conscientious officials, who in defence of an ignorant and speechless peasantry, have repeatedly despised clamour and prejudice. They pervade more or less the reports of the competition Civilian now rising to positions where their training and influence can be felt. And it is perfectly useless for any English lawyer or publicist to form a judgment on the Bengal Tenancy Bill until he has mastered the principles which underlie it, and has discarded all analogies drawn from English resulting trusts and successions, suffering and barring recoveries, contingent remainders, tenants in tail male, and "the rule in Shelley's case."

But with these admissions we cannot resist the conclusion that the new Bengal Bill is in some points unfair to the Zemindar, and that in others it will unsettle the relations between him and his tenantry more than ever, and lead to that very irritating litigation which it is professedly designed to stop. Omitting minor provisions, the following are the main questions on which depend the contentment and security of the Ryot, the dignity of the Zemindar, and the good faith of the British Government as umpire between the two parties. 1. The free sale or transfer of his occupancy or tenant-rights by the tenant. 2. The right of the Zemindars to deal with holdings vacated by death and desertion, or waste and not in the possession of the occupancy or protected class. 3. The exact position of sub-infeudatories or holders of tenures, as distinct from either Zemindar or Ryot. 4. The period of time which should confer a right of occupancy, and justify the tribunals in presuming that the rent is not liable to enhancement. 5. The rules under which enhanced rent can be demanded, and the period which ought to elapse after one judicial rent-suit and another. 6. The conditions, rights, and treatment of agriculturists without any occupancy rights. 7. The law of distraint. 8. The preparation of tables of rates as well as tables of prices current, to serve as a guide or aid to the Courts. 9. The question of a regular field survey for all Bengal and Behar.

With regard to the sale and transfer of *jotes* and *jummas*, or tenants' holdings, it was well known to experienced district officers twenty or thirty years ago that these transactions were common in many parts of Bengal; that they were acquiesced in by the Zemindar from policy or helplessness, and that this personage was in the habit of buying up such rights himself in his own estate and in that of others; that such sales were recognized by the courts of law, and that they testified to the existence of a valuable tenantry, which neither oppression out of court, nor perjury in it, nor pamphlets and articles by the champions of undiluted Landlordism, could ever obliterate. This doctrine has been set forth in these columns as one which would bear the strictest scrutiny. It has now been established by a vast preponderance of opinion on the part of experts that such free sale and transfer exist all over Bengal Proper, and to a modified extent in the districts of Behar. Accordingly, it is proposed to recognize by statute an incident of tenancy which the Zemindar is powerless to check and by which he himself benefits; to admit proof of local custom in disputed instances; and to give the Zemindar a veto on the transfer of the incoming tenant, if he be a moneylender or one who "does not depend on agriculture for his chief means of subsistence and income." This last is a concession in the landholder's favour, and it is also proposed to omit a mischievous and unnecessary section which would have given him the right of pre-emption. Closely connected with this subject is the Zemindar's right to deal with *Khamar* or demesne lands, as he may think fit. It is now officially announced that, whenever land reverts to the Zemindar by the death or total desertion of Ryots, where it consists of tracts of scrub and forest as in Western Bengal, or of large alluvial formations as in the Eastern and Central districts, there is nothing to prevent the Zemindar from cultivating it himself as a home or model farm, from letting it out to Ryots, or we apprehend, from turning it into a park, pleasure ground, or chase for himself. For any previous misapprehension on this point the Government has only to thank Mr. Ilbert and his sweeping declaration that "in no case was the existing *Khamar* or demesne land to be increased." It is also intended to provide that, if the Zemindar establishes Ryots on such vacant land, new or old, the Ryot so settled takes the plot with all the incidents of tenant-right—its fair rent, its security of tenure, and all the rest. But it cannot be fair to presume that all lands are Ryotti until they are shown to be *Khamar*; and we should prefer to leave the Zemindar to make his own contract with new tenants.

The tenure-holder or middle-man is one not so easily to be dealt with or defined. Most Revenue or judicial officers know perfectly well what is meant by a *putnidar* of the first, second, or third degree, by the owner of half a dozen villages at a rental fixed like the feu duty in Scotland, or by those extraordinary sub-infeudations

to be met with in Backergunge and other eastern and aquatic districts. But it is rather difficult to give a legal definition which shall show clearly when the possessor of fifty acres, or half or the whole of a village, ceases to be a substantial tenant and becomes a tenure-holder. It is shown over and over again that there are tenants who cultivate one-half of their holding and sublet the other half to cultivators just below themselves. *Quorum abeant?* are they to be dealt with as solid occupancy Ryots, or as holders of intermediate tenures, because "they hold from a superior the right to collect rents." The infinite variety of suggestions and the contradictory opinions advanced by experienced officers are additional warnings against attempting to include all the various phases and transformations of landed property in one magnificent but impracticable Bill. It is obvious that, whatever elastic definition of a tenure may be adopted, a very large discretion in the interpretation thereof must be left to the Courts.

In regard to both tenancies and tenures, it has hitherto been presumed that if held at the same rental for twenty years, the rent cannot be enhanced; or, to put it differently, it has been left for the Zemindar, if he can, to rebut the presumption of an unalterable rental arising out of twenty years' quiet possession. A modification in the Zemindar's favour is now suggested; and, considering the delight which acute and active men of this class take in overhauling their rent-roll, stimulating their local managers, and trying enhancement cases for sheer excitement, it is not likely that it will have a very injurious effect. Those who slumber while the Ryot is acquiring a title by prescription will have themselves to blame.

No one ought to object to some broad rule in India defining the principles and percentage of enhanced rent, and the period of years for which it shall be judicially decreed. Closely connected with this is the ascertainment and publication of Pergunna or local and prevailing rates and of prices of agricultural produce current in the bazaars. It is proposed, and it seems reasonable, that after rent has been fixed by the courts of law no fresh suit shall be instituted till after ten or fifteen years; that the enhancement shall bear a definite proportion to the previous rise in value of agricultural produce; and that it shall not be such as to deprive the tenant-cultivator of a fair share of profit. To this end Government may very well ascertain and periodically publish a list of prices current in all the large marts of each province to serve as aids, but not authorities, to the Courts. The idea of appointing a Commission to settle the rates prevalent in each district for homestead, garden, and rice-lands seems to be abandoned as too difficult and expensive, if not impracticable. Considering the vexation, discontent, and ill-will caused by this protracted contest, we are not disposed to cavil at this determination.

On the whole, it does not seem that the Bengal Government is now going too far in the support of the well-to-do agricultural tenant-proprietor, who has always existed, who was recognized by successive legislations in 1793, 1812, 1822, 1840, and 1859; who, by his own sinews, ploughs, and bullocks, has turned the swamp into the rice-field and the rice-field into the garden; who in Bengal has been educated up to the level of his own position; and who in Behar stands in greater need of those bulwarks against oppression for which our Government chiefly exists. But it is clear to us that Lord Dufferin will do well in imposing as few restrictions as possible on freedom of contract with new tenants and cultivators without rights of occupancy, in giving sufficient scope to the laws of demand and supply, and in abiding by the ancient land customs of the country. No greater blunder could be committed than to root every class of tenant to the soil under the philanthropic but mistaken notion that Ryots, poor in spirit and in muscle, without bullocks and ploughs or with milch kine to till the ground, with no agricultural implements beyond an adze, a billhook, and a spud for weeding, are competent to improve the land and to ward off famine. On the contrary, no inducement should be held out to the fluctuating elements of the population to become stationary. Coolies and under-Ryots should be invited to emigrate to Assam, the Sunderbund grants, and the West Indian Islands. On the other hand, considering the intense feeling of attachment shown by Bengali cultivators to the wide plain bounded by a dark line of bamboos and fruit trees on which they have been reared, it may be politic to allow rights in the homestead and the in-field to remain, even when those in the arable land have been terminated. Some new crotchets die hard in India as in England. "Compensation for disturbance" is still feebly recommended, although we make out that the chapter about landlords' and tenants' improvements has met with a very liberal share of contempt and ridicule. The proposal for a regular field survey is, to borrow a phrase from the administration of the Post Office, though not "insufficient," certainly "too late." It might have been carried out by Lord Cornwallis or at the time when rent-free tenures were investigated fifty years ago. But its cost would be enormous. It would be unfair to charge this expenditure on either Zemindar or Ryot or both combined; while any surplus revenue from Bengal and other Presidencies can be better spent than in setting whole classes against each other, reviving old-standing quarrels about minute holdings in countless villages tenanted by sixty millions of inhabitants, and completing a register of which, owing to increase of population and subdivision of heritages, the first portion would be misleading or worthless by the time the last sheet had been filled in.

Lord Dufferin's reply to the deputation on this vast subject is full of hope. When he has mastered its salient points, he may perhaps come to the conclusion that a good deal of irritation

might have been avoided by simply recasting the Ryots' Charter of 1859. As it is, nothing is left but to prune and tone down the more ambitious project which, if conceived in the interests of the Ryot, bears in its inception traces of that dislike to existing institutions and landlordism of which we have heard so much elsewhere. It would be a grievous error to allow this overgrown draft to simmer for another hot season and to produce the inevitable consequences of angry minutes, rejoinders, pamphlets, meetings, speeches, and chronic unrest. The time is surely come when these ample materials must be brought to a point and this huge accumulation to structure. There are men in posts of importance in India and in Council at Westminster perfectly familiar with the evils inseparable from the Zemindary system. The network of rights and interests, the sub-infeudations made for the landlord's profit, the village feuds; the repeated exactions of the rich when a temple is built, a daughter married, a road cess imposed, a lawsuit unluckily ended; the combinations of poor villagers maddened by oppression who waylay the Naib and slit the nose of the *gomashah*; the ready resort to club-law in defence of property or to litigation where the longest purse and the sharpest intellect may win; the absence of some of those nobler features in the system which Cornwallis had anticipated and seventy years afterwards Canning still hoped to see. But there is another side to the Bengal system. The existence of a powerful class of proprietors ranged on the side of authority in famine, disturbance, or secret conspiracies, is a feature too conspicuous to be denied and too important to be discarded. Bengal and Behar have been governed for nearly a century by judicial courts and magistrates, and not by the minute interference of picked Revenue officials trained in other places to know the limits of every estate, the share of revenue due from every village, and the various duties and privileges of each one of its residents. The evidence of men of the highest capacity testifies to what indeed is palpable to the eyes, that in spite of famines, inundations, oppression, and errors in policy, large portions of the province of Bengal exhibit a marvellous and continued growth of prosperity and comfort. The fertility of the soil has not diminished. The internal trade has vastly increased. Much has been done to give all classes speedy communication, more markets, more competent tribunals, more colleges and schools. Lord Dufferin's accession to office cannot be better signalized than by an act of Imperial legislation which, in fulfilling the pledges of his predecessors to the cultivating proprietary tenants, shall not impose fetters on freedom of contract, and shall not deprive the Maharaja, the Raja, the Choudari, the Talukdar, and other magnates, of power and influence hitherto associated with seasonable charity to the poor and with goodwill and loyalty to the State.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

AN apologist for the present system of elaborate stage decoration could nowhere find better backing for his argument than in that most charming of Shakspearian comedies which has just been produced at the St. James's Theatre. Gorgeous "interiors" may well offend the taste and distract the attention of the severely poetic spectator; but it is difficult to overdo the "mounting" of a play which is set in the surroundings of *As You Like It*. No amount of labour or expense—provided always that they be directed by fair intelligence—could well be thrown away in this instance upon the effort after complete scenic illusion; and the management of the St. James's Theatre have fully deserved that an acknowledgment of their tasteful painstaking in this respect should precede any other comment on the qualities of the new production. In any other case, perhaps, a suspicion of satire might lurk under such a pronouncement on the priority of merits. But atmosphere is of so much importance in this sweet pastoral; the scene-painter, the choir-master, the costumer can here do so much, and so legitimately much, to assist the actors and to maintain the sylvan tone and colouring of the comedy, that one need not be suspected of malice in according a first place to the recognition of their success. Let us say, then, that the forest home of the exiled Duke and his adherents can seldom have been scenically presented with greater care and truth; nor can dress and drill and good musical training have ever been better employed than in the management of the rustic pageants and the execution of the charming lyrics with which *As You Like It* abounds. Assuredly nothing has been wanting in this department of the dramatic representation. Nothing that a stage-manager and his coadjutors can do was left undone; and if ever we fail to feel that we have quitted a modern world of foggy streets and dingy houses for a brief sojourn in that delightful Forest of Arden, which, for all its impossible European liousness, is so intensely real to the duly quickened imagination, it is certainly the fault of no one but the actors and actresses themselves.

To say that they were persistently, or even often, guilty of this fault would be to pass not only a harsh, but an unfair, judgment on the performance as a whole. To tell the truth, the *ensemble* of the impersonation was more satisfactory than any individual achievement. No member of the company fell materially below the average standard of merit; and that standard was, to say the least, a respectable one. From the Adam of Mr. Maclean to the William of Mr. Hendrie the rendering of the minor characters was such as to deserve that secondary praise which consists in the escape of blame. It is in the principal parts that the performance, for all its occasional successes, disappoints; and disappoints the more tantalizingly because it so often comes so near to excellence, and

because the reasons of its missing it are sometimes so entirely beyond the artist's control. To no assumption in the play do these last remarks apply more forcibly than to Mrs. Kendal's Rosalind. The actress brings so many good qualities to bear upon her work; she plays with such comprehension of the nature of her heroine, and with such command of the resources of her art, that a sympathetic spectator finds himself perpetually wondering why she is not the ideal Rosalind, even while he is unhesitatingly assuring himself that she is not. Not that there is any reason for the wonder—at least to those who recognize how inexorable is Nature, when, after many submissions to the moulding hand of the artist, she at last defines the limits of her complaisance. It is Nature alone—or rather not alone, but taking her orders from Time—who has decided that Mrs. Kendal, with all her dramatic accomplishments, is not, and never can be, the ideal Rosalind. In one sense she does justice to this unsurpassed maiden (for Beatrice, though rivalling, does not excel her) of Shakespearian comedy; there is no sally of her wit, no touch of her archness, no lure of her coquetry, that Mrs. Kendal does not seem to have carefully studied and accurately appreciated; and they are delivered one and all with admirable grace and mastery. But, alas! it is the wit alone—that sole gift which does not vary between the girl and the woman—which has any chance of impressing us, a veritable quality of Shakespear's heroine. It is, therefore, in the scenes apart from Orlando, that this too self-conscious Rosalind approaches nearest to what we must judge to have been the master's conception. In her dialogues with Celia, and with Sylvius and Phœbe, and in her short colloquy with Jaques, she easily makes us forget the impassable barrier which separates her from the full realization of her part. In the love passages with her lover she reminds us of it at every turn. It is in the exquisite scene with Orlando in the third act that both the perfection and the inevitable limitations of her art are the most conspicuously illustrated. Nothing could have been more winning than her whole demeanour, action, and utterance in this scene; yet it was not the artless coquetry of a light-hearted damsel, but the refined fascination of the mature woman of the world. It was the "Ladies' Battle" transferred to the Forest of Arden; and reminding us in every look, and tone, and gesture of the wiles of the drawing-room. So strong is this impression that a feeling of inappropriate surprise overcomes us at the sight of Rosalind's agitation at the news of Orlando's wound. There the serious side of the impulsive girl betrayed into the revelation of her girlish weakness should come naturally out. But we find it difficult to believe that the self-contained Rosalind of Mrs. Kendal's impersonation—mistress of herself, as we should have imagined, under any emergency—could have been so deeply moved. It is a thankless duty, however, to dissect out the obvious and inevitable defects of an extremely clever performance; and we will take leave of it by saying that over every difficulty that can be surmounted by mere artistic effort, the art of Mrs. Kendal carried her in triumph. It was not her fault, at least considering her exclusively in the character of actress, that the part of Rosalind presented some difficulties against which the most accomplished art, unaided by certain special favours of nature, must contend in vain.

On the Orlando of Mr. Kendal a somewhat similarly qualified praise must be bestowed. The actor is unfortunately endowed with a voice of a somewhat too melodramatic *timbre*; and would otherwise be the better in this part for a certain air of alertness which he lacks. His Orlando borders at times too closely on the solemn, and he seems at all times somewhat too much impressed with the conviction, excellent though it is in its way, that "life is real, life is earnest," whatever the idle courtiers of the banished Duke may think of it. Still he bears himself gallantly enough; he wrestles with Charles in spirited and manly style—though we are inclined to doubt the feasibility of the particular "fall" by which he lays his doughty antagonist on his back—and he presents personally a comely and romantic figure, which in itself goes a good way towards the filling out of a not very complex part. Mr. Hermann Vezin was seen to more advantage as Jaques some years ago than in his latest impersonation of the part. His elocution is as good as ever in the delivery of set speeches; but the Seven Ages soliloquy (for such it really is) is not now recited by him in quite that finely meditative style to which he had accustomed us. His relations with Touchstone were not brought into such comic relief as they were wont to be, and he no longer seems to take the same humorous pleasure as formerly in contemplating the Fool and listening to his profound observations. To be sure Mr. Hare's Touchstone may afford a certain explanation of this change; for, whatever be its other merits, and we find none very conspicuous in it, it is certainly not interesting. Never, we should think, can a thinner and drier Touchstone have appeared upon the stage. It would be unreasonable to complain of the absence of that comic unction, which became, we fear, an extinct quality at the death of the late Mr. Compton; but we should have thought that an actor of Mr. Hare's capabilities could have infused a little more life and spirit into his rendering of the part. It is true that Touchstone is a sententious and a Court-bred Fool; and as such might possibly have preferred to express himself with excessive dignity and deliberation; but there should be limits to the stress laid upon this side of his character, and an actor should not carry his assumption of sententiousness and courtliness so far as to make us forget that the sententious and Court-bred one is, after all, a jester. There are points, too, in the play which Mr. Hare has contrived to miss; among them the Fool's de-

licious patronage of William—a comic trait of character to which the actor appeared to us to do singularly imperfect justice. The partial failure of both these two impersonations—that of Touchstone and that of Jaques—has unfortunately a somewhat serious effect on the humour of the comedy. Touchstone and Jaques stand opposed to each other in a subtle contrast, of which the total effect is strongly humorous—one of the two so thoroughly out of his element in the woodland life, the other so completely suited to it. William, as we have already said, was a sufficient William for the purpose; and Miss Lea played Audrey with an excellent facial assumption of complete vacuity, which, however, she failed to do full justice to in her method of delivering her words. Miss Linda Dietz contrived to infuse more colour and distinction into the part of Celia than it commonly obtains, and Charles the wrestler found a more than sufficiently athletic representative in Mr. H. Vernon.

CHINESE DIPLOMACY.

THE Special Correspondent of the *Times* in China has lately been engaged in tracing the course of masterly inactivity to its highest fount, and has proclaimed his final success on becoming acquainted with the bearing of the Chinese mandarins towards European diplomatists at Peking. The Correspondent evidently writes with a full knowledge of the outward conduct of those obstructive Confucianists, and describes with humour the difficulties a diplomatic visitor to the Chinese Foreign Office invariably meets with even after he has safely traversed the two or three miles of dangerous roadway which separates the Legations from the Tsung-li-Yamen. Having started on his mission brimming over with a desire to obtain redress for a wrong endured by Mr. Brown, or Jones, or Robinson at some treaty port a thousand miles away, he finds his ardour oozing out at the tips of his fingers when, at the end of his perilous journey and after a long interval of waiting in a draughty room, he is called upon to face his five or six snug hosts, whose skill in evading all reference to the business in hand is only limited by the power of physical endurance possessed by their visitor. The presentation to him, with endless formalities, of walnuts and melon seeds when he is longing for attention and redress aggravates his wearied annoyance; and, when a couple of hours have been consumed in meaningless talk and pedantic quotations, he is glad to take his leave, and is fain to rest contented with a vague promise that the subject of his complaint shall be looked into at some future date.

Such is the substance of the story which the Special Correspondent has to tell; and, so far, he is within his depth. But, when he goes on to explain the causes of the obstructive attitude assumed by the mandarins, he begins to flounder. Neither to the "nature of the animal" nor to the fact that "they are cowards and shrink from the responsibility of assenting to the most indisputable proposition" is their obstructiveness due. It has a far different root, and we must rather look for its explanation in the relative positions occupied by the European Ministers and the Chinese Government. The relation of China with the European Powers is unique in the history of diplomacy. Between all other treaty-bound countries there are reciprocal rights to be secured and advantages to be gained. But in this case there is no reciprocity whatever. The seeking is all on the side of the foreigner, who has nothing which China professes to want to give in return for what he asks; while China, on her part, is, as she is well aware, the possessor of treasures which have been sufficient to stir the imagination and to excite the greed of the civilized world. She is thus in the position of a rich heiress beset by interested suitors, who, recognizing the motives which have brought them to her feet, takes a pleasure in flouting and insulting them. There can be no equality of terms in such circumstances. The mandarins receive the professions of friendship made by the foreign Minister with cynical indifference, and delight to torment, thwart, and laugh at him as the opportunity occurs or as the humour seizes them.

To envoys placed in such a position diplomatic triumphs are impossible. Most of those who represent their respective countries at Peking are men of ability and energy; but the web of circumstances so surrounds and entangles them that, though they may struggle and kick, they are quite unable to free themselves from its trammelling influences. Meanwhile, the annoyance they feel at their own impotence is aggravated by a consciousness that the Ministers of the Yamen are watching, with gratified amusement, their futile attempts to throw off their shackles. With a naïve freedom, their tormentors speak and write openly of the vantage ground they occupy, and take an evident pleasure in snubbing those among the Corps Diplomatique who show a more than usual amount of courage and determination. These unique relations impart to the Chinese official foreign correspondence a literary piquancy which is commonly wanting in State-papers. Chinamen have a natural taste for literary composition, and long practice has taught the veteran officials of the Yamen the art of disconcerting and ruffling a troublesome, complaint-bearing foreign Minister by a few skilfully-turned phrases, just as when he calls on them they tire out his patience by long waitings and trivial discussions on walnuts and melon seeds. Sometimes they boldly traverse his statements, or attempt to trip him up by denying his premisses on the authority of Confucius or some of the other philosophers who talked undiluted wisdom before the Christian era.

At other times, when sarcasm recommends itself as the most appropriate weapon, they weave it into sentences which cut deep into sensitive natures, while the difficulty of writing Chinese is such that any attempt at a literary retaliation on the part of a foreign correspondent would probably place him in a position which would render him doubly liable to ridicule.

But, although all this is perfectly well known to the foreign diplomatists at Peking, the necessities of their position compel them to attempt occasionally to overrule and guide the counsels of the Yamén potentates. They know that this (to quote, after the Chinese manner, one of their third century B.C. philosophers) is like "throwing an egg against a stone, or attempting to divert a river with a little finger"; but they have to justify their existence, and so are ready on occasion to rush into the breach. Some such consideration probably induced them in 1879 collectively to urge on the Chinese Government a settlement of the still unsettled question of inland taxation of foreign goods in connexion with the Chefoo Convention of 1876. With a trusting confidence and patience which would be wonderful if we were not allowed to suppose them assumed, they wrote to the Yamén that, "taking into consideration the declarations repeatedly made during the last few years by the Tsung-li-Yamén, that the Chinese were willing to enter upon a joint consideration of the question (of inland taxation of foreign goods), the undersigned have thought that the presence at Peking of all the representatives of foreign Powers now in China, and interested in the question, would offer a good opportunity for approaching it"; and they then proceeded to enumerate the grievances in connexion with it—twenty in number—which they were desirous of seeing redressed. This was an opportunity which was not likely to be missed by the members of the Yamén, who opened their reply by touching the keynote of the attitude of their Government towards the foreign representatives. "It may be observed of the treaties with foreign States," wrote the Mandarins, "that they are not engagements which the Chinese Government has sent its officers to foreign States to negotiate, but instruments which foreign States have sent officers to China to request might be drawn up; that the articles contained in them all relate to matters which foreign States have spontaneously expressed a wish to have dealt with; and that the modes of proceeding therein indicated are all of them modes of proceeding the institution of which has been solicited by foreign Governments." Having thus defined the position of their Government, they went on to show that it had not only been yielding and gracious, but long-suffering and patient, in terms which remind one of some of Mr. Gladstone's minatory tones when he is minded to overawe opposition. "The instances of proceedings that are not satisfactory, enumerated in the communication under acknowledgment, are after all but twenty in number; and a perusal of the list suggests the observation that, if the Chinese Government, which is charged with breaking the treaties any time these twenty years, were on its part to make out a list of the cases in which the conduct of foreign officers and merchants has been unsatisfactory during the same period, there might possibly be a total of something more than twenty articles." But, they went on to argue, as long as the actions of the foreign Governments and their representatives are as inconsistent as they have hitherto been, it is impossible that offences should not arise. Sometimes a Government refuses to ratify the solemn engagements of its representatives (this was a hit at the English Government for refusing to endorse the Alcock treaty), or disagrees with its representative in the interpretation of the existing treaties. Sometimes the Ministers find fault with the action of their Consuls at the treaty ports. Sometimes they support the Chinese Government in its complaints against their countrymen, and sometimes side with their countrymen against the Chinese Government. In such a complete absence of any well-defined course of policy, it is quite possible that cases may have occurred which may be construed into grievances, but these are after all trifles, while "it is not the case, as alleged in grievance No. 2, that additional levies are made (on foreign goods in the interior) or that anything is imposed in excess of the duties. . . . Nor is it the case (as alleged in grievance No. 3) that transit certificates are refused altogether, or that arbitrary conditions are imposed." However, as the representatives are dissatisfied with the present condition of things, "the Yamén has three plans to propose. The first is to allow existing regulations to stand, while the Yamén will on its side direct the high authorities in the provinces to instruct their subordinates to abide by these faithfully; and the foreign representatives will on their side direct their Consuls, agents, and merchants to give implicit obedience to existing regulations. The second is to give effect 'to the Alcock treaty.' The third is to rescind the clause existing in the various treaties under which foreigners are withdrawn from the jurisdiction of China. . . . The foreign representatives are at liberty to state which of the three plans they prefer to adopt." And, finally, it is graciously added, "should all three be unacceptable, and the foreign representatives have some *modus operandi* to suggest which it is possible for China to accept, she will be prepared to entertain it."

This reply seems to have acted as a warning to all the foreign diplomatists, except the representative of Great Britain, that it would be as well to retire from the contest. And consequently, throughout the remainder of the Blue-book (China, No. 3, 1882) Sir Thomas Wade is allowed to tread out the wine-press alone. The result of this is that the discussion drifts into the essentially English question of the opium tariff, and reports on this topic from the Indian Government and the different Chambers of

Commerce occupy most of the remaining portion of the Blue-book. Later on, however, as the last few pages testify, Sir Thomas Wade was tempted to try a fall with the redoubtable statesman and warrior Tso Tsung-tang. Tso, whose pen is almost as powerful a weapon as his sword, is a staunch opponent of the opium trade, and has consistently advocated the imposition of an import duty of 150 Taels (= about 50*l.*) a chest in order at once to check and eventually to abolish the use of the drug among his countrymen. After several interviews with Sir Thomas Wade on this subject, Tso embodied his views in a Memorial to the Throne, in course of which he mentioned that Sir Thomas Wade had repeatedly "shifted his ground" in his communications on the question, "and that with reference to the augmentation of the price of opium he showed as much irritation as if the change were something to be deplored." By some chance this Memorial was published in the *Shén pao*, a Shanghai native newspaper, and Sir Thomas, being naturally unwilling that such charges should remain unanswered, wrote to Tso contradicting the personal reflections contained in the Memorial, and concluded by saying, "The appearance of this Memorial in the *Shén pao* has been of no advantage to any one, but it has naturally alarmed those connected with the opium traffic, and its first probable effect will be the stimulation of a contraband trade, I cannot doubt to the detriment of the revenue."

In reply Tso "presented his compliments." The *Shén pao* was, he was given to understand, a newspaper which printed and published at once any news it obtained, and that there never had been any supervision or restriction placed upon it, or any regard paid to the importance of the news. So much for the *Shén pao*. As to the general question, he had been in favour of increasing the duties on opium in the expectation that as the price increased the number of the smokers would decrease, but finding that Sir Thomas was of a different opinion, he had "proposed to follow the rule adopted in Great Britain, of placing a double duty on luxuries for the table, and to levy the exceedingly light import duty of 150 Taels per chest." It was in combating this proposition that Sir Thomas Wade "shifted his ground," varying the amounts he would be content to see added to the duty from 5 to 10, 15, and finally 50 Taels per chest. In conclusion, "Sir Thomas Wade alludes to the injury that was inevitable to the revenue from the publication of the Memorial. The Grand Secretary (i.e. Tso) appreciates the depth of kindly feeling shown towards him, and when he learns of any injury will not fail, in acknowledgment of such good-will, to represent it to His Majesty."

One can imagine the smile of satisfaction with which the Grand Secretary probably put down his pen after having rounded off the last character in this sentence. Truth to tell, the whole letter is a very good specimen of the rebuff semi-courteous; but, though as a literary effort it is, in common with most of the despatches which emanate from the Tsung-li-Yamén, clever and amusing, it discloses a most unsatisfactory state of diplomatic relations. It shows that, though European representatives have been resident at Peking for nearly a quarter of a century, they have not been able so to conciliate and influence the members of the Yamén as to arrive at a practicable *modus vivendi* with them. It is impossible to shut one's eyes to the fact that the treaties of 1860, under the terms of which the European Powers professed to exchange the policy of force which up to that time had guided their conduct in China for one of friendly negotiation, have, neither on one side nor on the other, ever been fully and impartially acted up to. The old leaven of gunboat influence, with its necessary consequences, has never been entirely eradicated, and thus have arisen such glaring anomalies as that above referred to, where England, while professing to deal on terms of perfect equality with China, refuses to allow her to fix the amount of duty to be imposed on articles imported into her own harbours. The Chinese are far too logically-minded a people not to see the untenable nature of such a position; and it is high time that steps should be taken to place our relations with the Imperial Government on a more clearly-defined and workable basis.

THE PICTURE GALLERIES.

TWO minor competitors for public favour have recently opened their doors. The somewhat fancifully named "Salon Parisien" is at 160 New Bond Street. The Catalogue has a very vulgar cover by M. Van Beers, representing a woman who seems to be trying how like a monkey she can make herself look. In spite of this, the visitor should not be deterred from entering the exhibition. There is within, it is true, too much Van Beers. No artist exemplifies more completely the trite saying that the French, with all their executive skill, fail in taste. We cannot notice the half-dressed, sprawling ballet-dancers who are represented so numerous. There are, however, some landscape sketches of considerable beauty as well as skill; and "Le Mal du Pays," "Little Jack Horner," and one or two more may be looked at with pleasure. There is a horrible head, painted for Mme. Bernhardt, "La Folie," which shows the power of the artist and his defects as well as anything. In the Hanover Gallery (47 New Bond Street) is another horror by M. Van Beers. A wayfarer lies dead by the roadside, and a dog, "True till Death," watches by the body. The dead face is shockingly real. Fortunately the Salon Parisien contains better things. Among them, at a level at which it may be closely inspected, is the marvellous

picture by M. Emile Wauters which was cruelly, stupidly, and ignorantly skied at the last Academy. As we endeavoured to point out then, after an examination with an opera glass, this picture deserved well the honours it had received everywhere but in London. In the present exhibition it is by far the finest work. To any one who has actually seen "Cairo from Kasr en Nil" the effect will be startling in its reality. Nowhere else have we found the atmosphere and colouring of Egypt so faithfully represented. M. Wauters is also represented by his famous "Burghers demanding a charter from John IV. of Brabant." M. Saint-Cyr contributes two pictures, "My Lady Sulks," and a figure of an angel among the chimney-pots on a snowy roof with "A Broken Wing." Poor Bastien Lepage's unfinished "Chimney Sweep," a boy with a dog, is gloomy, but fine and characteristic. "Libra of the Zodiac" is one of M. Falero's familiar nudities, but is very inferior to his "Double Stars." There are also some clever pieces of French sculpture, chiefly in terra-cotta.

We have noticed one picture out of its place in the Hanover Gallery, to get rid of a disagreeable subject; but there are many more well worth seeing. Perhaps the finest is a Corot. There are three other pictures by the great landscape-painter, all of his ordinary type, but No. 80 excels them completely. A grey afternoon view, with houses and a bridge in the background and a few trees on our right, is illuminated by a sky such as we have seldom before seen in a picture. It seems positively to shine; yet it is grey all over. This is a picture which should be most instructive to a young artist, though probably no eye but Corot's own could fully appreciate the delicacy of the gradations. Nearly opposite is a small Meissonier of the usual excellence. "A Vedette," of the time of Louis XIII., sits on a tired horse in a breezy landscape of brown moors and distant mountains. There are several of M. de Bensa's pretty little equestrian scenes showing the Grand Monarque and his Court driving out in coaches like the Speaker's, or going to hunt in gorgeous uniforms. A "Street in Algiers," by M. Gasson, should also be picked out for the sake of the cool shadows and the life-like figures. There are several of M. Jacque's cattle pieces, one of them, "The Sheepfold," exceptionally fine. Near it hangs a very vulgar figure by M. Tissot, "The Hammock." He can do much better, as witness two admirable scenes in this exhibition, "On the Wharf" and at "Charing Cross," a steamer and a railway station respectively, with pleasantly-painted and appropriate figures. A drawing by Rosa Bonheur is entitled "Sheep in the Snow." We can see the sheep—and splendid sheep they are—but where is the snow? There is a slight but clever and bright sketch of a river bank and figures by M. Raffaelli. The landscapes include a beautiful little Rousseau, "Sunset," a dark but fine autumn effect by Munkacsy, and a Troyon, one of the most brilliantly lighted we have ever seen. Two men are filling a water-cart "In a Pond." "In the Glade," by Diaz, is perhaps too heavy. There is a large and meaningless "Lady with a Fan," in crayons, by Rossetti, and we may mention among other artists represented the names of Messrs. Lazerges, Legros, Castan, Dupré, and De Nittis. The view by the last-named in the "Avenue Bois de Boulogne" is one of this lamented artist's most luminous sketches.

Altogether, between the "Salon Parisien" and the "Hanover Gallery" foreign art is very well represented in London at present. The Corot and the Meissonier in the one Gallery and the Wauters in the other are things which every lover of high art should see and study.

LAST YEAR'S FOREIGN TRADE OF FRANCE.

THE French Custom House authorities have just published the provisional statistics of the foreign trade of France last year. Under the circumstances, they are far less unfavourable than might have been anticipated. All countries are suffering more or less from agricultural and commercial depression, and there are special causes unfavourable to France. She is, as we all know, a large producer of beetroot sugar, and the fall in sugar has been extremely great last year. Moreover, the phylloxera, though less virulent than formerly, still exists. Her numerous peasant proprietary might likewise be expected to suffer severely from the fall in wheat. Furthermore, the heavy taxation she has been obliged to impose upon herself in consequence of the disasters of the late war and of the unwise colonial policy she has lately entered upon, presses unduly upon industry. Again, France has led the way in the reaction against Free-trade, and seems to be retrograding more and more in a Protectionist direction. By so doing she has encouraged other Continental countries to close their markets against herself, and at the same time she has made the cost of production heavier for her manufactures. Lastly, the outbreak of the cholera created a kind of panic throughout Southern France, disorganized trade, and induced both Spain and Italy to impose vexatious quarantine regulations which disturbed her trade. For all these reasons it might be expected that the foreign commerce of France would have seriously fallen off during the past year. As a matter of fact, we find the decrease no greater in proportion than it is in our own case. The total value of the imports into France last year amounted to 151,040,000*l.*—as compared with 1883 a decrease of 11,134,000*l.*, or somewhat less than six per cent. It will be recollected that the decrease in the value of our own imports last year was nearly 36 millions sterling, or about nine per cent. The value of the exports of France was 134,004,360*l.*, being a decrease of 4,070,520*l.*, or about three per

cent. The decrease in our own exports was also at the rate of about three per cent. It will be seen, then, that in spite of all the disturbing causes to which we have referred, the diminution in the French exports was almost exactly the same in proportion as that in our own exports, while curiously enough the diminution in the French imports was less than in our case. At first sight it would be expected that in a Protectionist country like France the imports would fall off more than in a Free-trade country like the United Kingdom; yet, as these figures show, relatively the falling off has been considerably greater in the United Kingdom than in France—proving that tariff regulations have much less influence than partisans on both sides are too often inclined to attribute to them, and that there are great overruling causes which go far to neutralize those regulations. The figures, as we observed above, must under all the circumstances be regarded as highly favourable. They afford one more proof of the untiring industry and inexhaustible wealth of France. All the difficulties with which her people have to contend have spurred them only to more labour and saving, and they have thus in the result fairly held their own in the competition for the trade of the world. It is curious, too, that even month by month the course of French trade strikingly resembles the course of our own trade. During the first five months of last year there were increases in the imports in three months—February, April, and May; but in the last seven months of the year, as well as in January and March, there were decreases. In our own case there was an increase in the imports in March, but in every other month there was a decrease. Thus in nine months there was a falling off in the imports of France, and in eleven months in the imports of the United Kingdom. In the exports of France there was a falling off all through the first quarter, an increase all through the second quarter, a decrease again all through the third quarter, and an increase in October and December, while there was a decrease in November. It is noteworthy, however, that the increase in December was much larger than in any other month of the year, suggesting at first sight, at least, some improvement as the year was drawing to a close. In our own case there were decreases in only five months.

We have seen that the decrease in the French imports was smaller than in the British imports. This was due mainly to the fact, that the falling off in the import of food products was less in France than in the United Kingdom. As we pointed out a couple of weeks ago, out of the total of nearly 36 millions, which was the decrease in the value of the imports into the United Kingdom, about 29 millions represented the diminution in the value of food products. On the other hand, out of the 11 millions sterling which is the falling off in the French imports, only about 4½ millions represent food products; and if we examine a little more closely, we find that both sugar and grain increased in value in France. The increase in the imports of sugar may have been due to the fact that sugar is grown more cheaply in Germany than in France, and that the German growers consequently are able to compete with the French growers in their own market. If so the matter is serious for the French sugar trade. But it may also be due to the necessity some holders of sugar were under to dispose of their goods at any cost. It will be recollected that both in Amsterdam and in Vienna and Prague there have been serious crises; and possibly holders of sugar, unable to dispose of their commodities at home, have shipped to France and taken what they could get. There was also, as we have stated, an increase in the imports of grain. If we go back to 1880, the falling off in the imports of grain is very large. In 1880 the total value of grain imported exceeded 31½ millions sterling; last year the value was a little under 16 millions sterling, or about one-half what it had been four years previously; but compared with 1883 there was an increase in the value of the imports of grain of about 800,000*l.* This may have arisen either from a worse harvest in France than in England, or from the fact that French farmers are better off than English farmers. We have had both in France and in England two good harvests now; but the English farmers were so embarrassed that they have been obliged to send their corn to market as soon as they could get it ready, and to take for it what price they were able to obtain. By doing so they monopolized the market to a large extent for some months; but, on the other hand, they drove down prices unduly; for buyers being aware that the supplies in foreign countries were enormous, naturally insisted upon a great reduction of price. Since, however, our farmers have nearly got rid of what corn they had to sell, there has been a very considerable rise. Thus, the average price of wheat throughout England and Wales in the last week of November was only 30*s.* 5*d.* per quarter, but last week it was as high as 34*s.* 11*d.* This was an increase of 4*s.* 6*d.* a quarter, or nearly fifteen per cent. Either French farmers were able to refrain from this glutting of the market, and consequently permitted a larger import from abroad, or else the French harvest was less abundant than the English and foreign supplies were more necessary. With the exception of sugar and grain, however, there was a considerable decrease in the value of all other food imports, especially in the case of wine. The fine weather last year and the year before rendered the wine harvests much better than they had been for some years previously, and there are also hopes entertained that the phylloxera has at last been checked. Its progress has not been stopped, it is true, but it is at a slower rate than it was at formerly, and many of the vineyards which had been almost destroyed are once more yielding wine. Consequently there has been needed last year a much smaller

supply from other countries by French wine manufacturers. In the case of France, as stated above, the falling off in the value of the food imports was less than half of the total falling off in the value of the imports; whereas in the case of our own country the falling off in the food imports was nearly six-sevenths of the total falling off. It follows that there was a considerable decrease in the other imports, and particularly in the imports of the raw material of manufacture. It is to be borne in mind, of course, that there has been a great fall in the prices of raw materials, and that this fall accounts to a large extent for the decrease in the value of the imports; but there was also a decrease in the quantity imported, and this suggests the most grave consideration of all—namely, that the manufacturers find their trade falling off, and thus are inclined to buy less raw material than formerly; in short, that they are diminishing their output. The increase in the exports in December certainly does not give countenance to this view; but a single month is too short a period to enable us to judge, and much interest will be felt in the export returns of the next few months.

In the case of the exports there is little to add to what has been said above. Manufactured goods represent somewhat more than half the value of the total French exports, and food products nearly a quarter, so that manufactures and food products together represent about three-fourths of the total exports of France. In the food products wine and sugar, of course, occupy the foremost places. In the case of sugar there has been a falling off, as there has been in the export of sugar from nearly every country; but there has been an increase in the exports of wine, suggesting that in spite of all that is said of trade depression all over the world, the well-to-do classes are able to supply themselves as well as ever with the luxuries they need. On the other hand, there has been a falling off in the exports of manufactures generally. French manufactures are for the most part luxuries intended for the rich, and it is natural to find that there should be some falling off in these; for as a matter of course it is in luxuries that the first decrease in expenditure would be made. Still, the falling off is slight taking all things into consideration, and goes to show, as we have said, that the depression, general as it may be, is not so great as it is often represented. Taking them altogether, the French statistics of imports and exports confirm the inference to be drawn from our own figures—namely, that the depression through which we are passing is rather an instance of stationariness than of actual diminution. The amount of business done in both countries is as great as ever; it is in prices that there is a diminution. And so far as the cause of the depression is concerned, it is to be found in the over-production of raw materials in the raw-material-producing countries. Owing to the vast emigration from Europe to the newer countries of the world, and to the extraordinary extension of railways and other means of conveying goods from one part of the world to another, the production of food and of raw materials has been at a more rapid rate of late than the consuming power of the world. Consequently, there has been a great fall in the prices of food and of all other raw material, and the raw-material-producing countries in consequence have suffered. They, therefore, are unable to buy from the older countries of Europe as largely as they have been in the habit of doing, and thus Europe in its turn has been affected. Gradually, no doubt, the area of production will be limited, or rather, it would be more correct to say, the production of the articles now in excess will be limited, and industry will be turned in other directions. When this is done trade will right itself, and we shall, of course, witness another era of prosperity.

THE THEATRES.

IT is well observed in Mr. Brander Matthews's book on French dramatists that "any one of M. Feuillet's plays might be called 'On the Brink.'" Among the works mentioned in the volume *Péril en la Demeure* is not included; but "On the Brink" would be an excellent title for an adaptation, a much better title than *The Opal Ring*, if not better than the title of the late Mr. Tom Taylor's version. *The Opal Ring* is the name given by Mr. G. W. Godfrey to a version which was acted on Wednesday at the Court Theatre. M. Octave Feuillet's pieces vary in merit as they do in subject, which is saying a great deal, seeing that *Le Sphinx* and *Le Village* are both examples. *Péril en la Demeure* is decidedly ingenious, both in the scheme of its plot and in its characterization. There is remarkable skill in the study of the devoted mother, here called Mrs. Rivers, who strives with a great deal of keenness to extract her son from the scrapes into which he falls, but succeeds only in making things worse than they were. The personage who is "on the brink" is Lady Carteret, the young wife of a rising politician, Sir George Carteret, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, who believes herself to be neglected. Harold Rivers eagerly bids for the post of comforter, and his mother, fearing that he has formed an unfortunate attachment, begs him to cultivate his cousin, that is, Gladys, Lady Carteret. An opal ring was to have been worn or not worn by Carteret at a Foreign Office reception. If Harold saw it on Carteret's finger, it was to be a signal that Gladys would not receive him; if it were not there, Harold might understand that he was expected. Of this the energetic mother comprehends something, but she concludes that the wearing of the ring by Carteret probably signifies to her son, "Come"; so she persuades

Sir George to lend her the jewel. Carteret then begins to play into Harold's hands, till at length, the good mother having continued to blunder, Harold is conveyed to Gladys's boudoir by her husband, and she is bidden to keep him close prisoner for an hour, he on his part being called upon to give his word of honour that he will remain in the lady's custody. So far, and indeed till a little further, till Gladys has overcome her surprise and her resentment, and is beginning to approach more nearly to the brink, all is well; but here the workmanship becomes crude. Mrs. Rivers interrupts the lovers. Harold hides behind a curtain, whither, with much perspicuity, his mother tracks him. She says nothing to Gladys directly, but touches her heart, which is made of penetrable stuff, by the legend of an innominate wife and a boyish lover, in the which story Gladys recognizes herself and Harold. Gladys's uncle, Lord Runnymede, is a Minister, and has in his gift an appointment which Mrs. Rivers seeks. She begs Gladys to write to him and ask the place for Harold, who by the scheme of the play has now to be dismissed from his hiding-place. An excuse should be made to get Mrs. Rivers momentarily out of the room, but Mr. Godfrey clumsily makes her sit down in a chair with some poor excuse about Gladys not being able to write when any one is looking on, and in this position she must necessarily hear the moving of the lock, the retreat of some one, and the shutting of the door. Gladys understands that her secret is discovered; Mrs. Rivers, who has dragged her from the brink, is now cognizant of everything; but the best is not made of possibilities when Harold is thus dismissed. He goes to the Junior Carlton and leaves by "the back way into St. James's Square," an egress not known to members of that club. Here, again, improbability ensues. Harold has written Gladys a letter, but he has neither signed it nor addressed it. In spite of these omissions it falls into the hands of a friend, an elderly fop named Lord Henry Toler, who assumes that it is intended for Carteret, and has it conveyed to him. Carteret posts home from the Foreign Office, finds Mrs. Rivers, relates his distress to her, and being the simplest of Under-Secretaries, quite believes that the letter has been written, not to his wife by a lover, but to himself by Mrs. Rivers, as a hint of what might happen if he neglected Gladys too much. Miss Lydia Foote, a very clever actress when well fitted, does not understand the part of Mrs. Rivers. She over-accentuates, and her confession of the pretended plot about the letter is so ill done that a child would not have been deceived. Mr. John Clayton and Miss Marion Terry play Sir George and Lady Carteret with practised ability. Mr. Cecil's portrait of Lord Henry Toler is very carefully and skilfully done—from life, we do not doubt; and Mr. H. B. Conway plays admirably as the easy-mannered, well-bred lad, led away by a passion which will last three weeks, and which he believes to be eternal. The dialogue is neat, though some of the quips are forced. The most striking thing in the play is the character of the mother. She might well have been better developed.

Are there any more actresses now playing in Paris in *opéra bouffe* who have the makings of a Jane Hading in them? One must not unhesitatingly say no. A very few years ago Mme. Hading was moderately unsuccessful in such pieces as *La Chaste Suzanne*. How it first came to be suspected that she possessed those rare dramatic gifts which we now see revealed, and how she was first able to verify these suspicions, are matters which would make a most valuable chapter of stage history. Mme. Hading is a true artist. Only on exceptional occasions can one detect the tricks of the stage, the abrupt change of tone, the italicized action, the purposeless movement. A very few weaknesses are very seldom displayed; the amplest atonement is forthcoming in the perfect sincerity of the action and her extraordinary command of emotional power. The last act of her *Frou Frou* is among the most pathetic incidents the modern stage has seen. Effect is obtained with no obvious sign of art. The gradual rise of Gilberte's wrath against her sister Louise, ending in the furious cry "Mari, enfant, tu m'as tout pris . . . c'est bien, garde tout!" was very telling, but this is within the scope of actresses inferior to Mme. Hading. Her ease and lightness in the first two acts of MM. Meilhac and Halévy's drama revealed very useful, if not very notable, qualities. In the last act her audiences have been irresistibly and obviously affected. Mme. Hading's stay has been short, but she has made her mark deeply.

THE WISH TO BELIEVE.

MR. WILFRID WARD, a son of the late editor of the *Dublin Review*, has republished, with an introduction and some additional matter, two articles which appeared originally in the *Nineteenth Century* some years ago on the *Wish to Believe* (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.) as a necessary condition and guarantee of sound judgment in weighing the evidence of religious truth. And we think he is well advised in doing so, though we are not prepared to accept his ingenious and at first sight paradoxical thesis, at least without much qualification, in the shape in which he has stated it. We say at first sight paradoxical, for the seeming paradox appears to us to be in one sense quite true, and our difference with the writer is perhaps more of expression than of idea, but there is certainly in his way of propounding his view a frequent confusion of language, and perhaps some confusion of thought. His earliest statement of the case is open to this ambiguity when he tells us that, "if there is

no wish to believe, considering the difficulties with which every form of belief is beset, it seems plain that there will be no motive force sufficient to arouse the mind to active inquiry from the negative state, which neither affirms nor denies, but remains passive, confessing that the whole thing is a riddle and a puzzle." Now what is here meant by a "wish to believe"? Does it mean, as seems to be implied in many passages, a wish to believe in the truth of the particular religion under review—say Christianity or the Roman Catholic form of it, to take Mr. Ward's instance—or a wish to find some sure basis of religious truth rather than to acquiesce in a chronic state of scepticism, neither affirming nor denying anything, as to all matters beyond the range of sensible observation or scientific proof? It is spoken of a few pages further on—the italics are our own—as "the strong wish of an earnest man to believe in something of vast importance to himself," and again we are told that there can be no sufficient grounds for faith "without individual earnestness and certain moral qualities and habits in the individual." And we hear elsewhere of "the necessity of being in earnest," and of "an active interest and sense of the importance of the conclusion to which" the evidence before us "points, and a certain amount of emotional sympathy with it." And other passages might be quoted to the same effect. Now all this we take to be quite true, for reasons to be noticed presently; indeed, it comes very much to Bishop Butler's contention, in a well-known passage of the *Analogy*, where he insists that "common men, were they as much in earnest about religion as about their temporal affairs, are capable of being convinced upon real evidence that there is a God who governs the world"; and he goes on to apply his argument to the evidences for the Christian Revelation. But this requirement of moral earnestness in the inquirer, and a certain internal sympathy, unconscious it may be, with the religion he is inquiring into, is not exactly the same thing as a conscious "wish to believe" it. And before explaining how far, if we rightly apprehend him, we agree with Mr. Ward, it may be well to point out why his thesis, understood in the latter sense, appears to us open to exception. We must premise that the method adopted of discussion by dialogue, if it has its advantages, has its disadvantages also, one of the most obvious being that it is impossible to know exactly what the author means to commit himself to; and the difficulty is increased when, as in the present case, the dialogue is triangular, and "Darlington," the sceptic, is opposed by two advocates of Christian belief, "Ashley" and "Walton," whose lines of argument do not always coincide.

It is then laid down distinctly over and over again that a keen wish to believe it is not only a necessary condition for appreciating truth, but offers the best security for a careful and critical examination of the evidence alleged for it; it makes a man "slower and not quicker in believing" what he is so anxious to believe that he cannot help fearing it may be "too good to be true." Mr. Ward cites in illustration of this the example of an Anglican friend of his own who, when studying the case of Pope Honorius, as matter of historical interest only, thought the ordinary "Catholic answer" to the charge of heresy brought against him sufficient, but when afterwards he wanted himself to become a Catholic, and had this question to consider as a practical difficulty, he thought the answer—which he wished to be able to accept—insufficient, and had to inquire further, till he eventually found a more satisfactory reply. As we are told nothing of the details, it is impossible to say whether the first or second thoughts of the inquirer were most reliable, but Mr. Ward may remember that a learned Roman Catholic writer, who is also a convert, Mr. Renouf, has published a treatise to show that all infallibilist explanations of the case of Honorius are equally worthless. Be that as it may, will Mr. Ward dispute that many minds are strongly attracted towards Rome, and thereby indisposed to a critical sifting of objections, by e.g. the wish to be relieved of the responsibility of thinking for themselves, or a yearning for the peace of the confessional, or a feeling—like that of the late author of *Mores Catholici*—that it is the proper religion of a gentleman, or even sometimes by a love for splendour and imposing ceremonial? Of course a man of the highest mental and moral calibre will resist the force of such subsidiary attractions until he has fully satisfied himself on the antecedent question of truth, and we do not forget that Mr. Ward speaks of the wish for a belief, "the whole value of which is felt to consist in its truth." But is it not rather by controlling than by indulging the ardour of his wish that the inquirer will satisfy himself on this point? There is surely much force in a remark of Coleridge's that he "had known many, especially women, love the good for the good's sake, but very few indeed, and scarcely one woman, love the truth for the truth's sake." To take one of Mr. Ward's own illustrations, if "there was at least as much of the wish not to believe about Hume as of the wish to believe in Johnson"—and we see no reason to doubt that it was so—this may discredit the intellectual value of Hume's infidelity, but it must also so far detract from the argumentative value of Johnson's faith. Let us take another illustration, not strictly theological, from the belief in ghosts. It is obvious that, if there is indeed a future life, the apparition of departed spirits is not in itself inconceivable, though it by no means follows that it will occur, while if there be no future life it is absolutely inconceivable; on the other hand, after discounting a vast amount of manifest folly or imposture, we still have a residuum of ghost stories for which a good deal of plausible testi-

mony may be adduced. Now is it not certain that many—of course not all—believers in the immortality of the soul will be influenced in their appreciation of this testimony by the wish to believe what appears to them a fresh confirmation of the doctrine, while those who reject it will naturally desire to discredit any such evidence? There is an instance actually mentioned in Coleridge's *Table Talk*, and it does not sound like an exceptional one, of a man who said that "he wished to believe these stories true, thinking that they constituted a useful subsidiary testimony of another state of existence." Mr. Ward himself tells a story to illustrate the distinction between the spurious and superficial belief, where "the wish is father to the thought," and the genuine faith which would be all the more surely tested and grounded for being preceded by a wish to believe. And he evidently attaches some importance to it, for he tells us in a note that a friend has objected to the illustration as irrelevant, but he nevertheless retains it. To us too it appears something more than irrelevant, though not at all from the rather captious reason urged by the friendly critic. It runs as follows:—

Here are two pictures. First take some lazy, comfort-loving, and selfish man. He is walking with a companion on a sea beach. No one is visible near him. Suddenly he hears what he takes to be the shriek of a drowning man, beyond some rocks at the end of the beach. His companion thinks it is only children at play. The rocks are hard to climb, and at some distance off. The man is readily persuaded that it is only children at play, and that there is no call on him to climb the rocks, or assist anybody. There is one attitude of mind—one picture. Now for another. An affectionate mother is placed in exactly the same circumstances as my lazy man. She thinks she recognizes in the shriek her son's voice. Her companion says it is only children at play; but this does not satisfy her. She entreats him to help her to climb the rocks, and they arrive just in time to rescue her son—for it is her son—from drowning. Now surely you won't deny that the mother would be far more desirous to be convinced that her son was not drowning than the lazy man in the parallel case; yet her wish, far from making her believe it, only makes her take all the more pains to satisfy herself as to the true state of the case. Genuine conviction that the fact is really as she hoped is what she wants; and wishing for it doesn't help her a bit to get it. Our other friend, on the contrary, was not really and truly anxious to ascertain the fact. He wished to banish an unpleasant idea from his mind. I don't think he was truly or deeply convinced that there was no call on him to climb the rocks. He was not anxious to be convinced that there was no call; he only cared to think that there was none.

No doubt the wish of "the selfish man" to be spared trouble sufficiently explains his believing not only without evidence but against it, and his case must be considered a typical one. Nor do we see any force in the criticism that the conduct of the affectionate mother is not apposite, because it is simply an example of "maternal instinct." Mr. Ward replies fairly enough, that if we substitute an affectionate friend for the mother, the point of the story remains untouched. The real objection is that the refusal of the mother (or the friend) to believe that the cry is not the drowning boy's does not arise from the intensity of her wish to believe in the boy's safety but from the far stronger wish, which crosses it, to save him from deadly peril, and her belief, based on independent and very sufficient grounds, that it needs all her promptest care and energy to save him. The story shows at most that a wish to adopt a pleasant conviction, fraught if false with the most fatal consequences, is not proof against very strong evidence to the contrary. This is no parallel at all to the wish to believe in a particular religion, unless its acceptance involves heavy sacrifices, as was generally the case, e.g., in the conversion of the early Christians, and then no doubt the faith of the convert does gain moral weight from his having to count the cost; but that introduces a new condition altogether into the discussion.

And now that we have explained why we cannot accept Mr. Ward's view about the effects of a wish to believe in the form in which he has stated it, we may add what appears to us to be the underlying principle of his argument, in which we do entirely concur. There is certainly a difference between the method of inquiry requisite for the due appreciation of moral and religious truth and that applicable to the demonstrations of mathematical or physical science. Both the nature of the evidence differs and the relation of the result to the inquirer's mind. And hence a great master of Christian Apologetics observes that "the fact of revelation is demonstrably true in itself, but it is not therefore true irresistibly; else how comes it to be resisted?" No rational being furnished with the proper information thinks of resisting the evidence for the law of gravitation or the rule of three, or disputes that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles. But on moral and religious questions men of equal intelligence and culture differ widely; and the reason is not far to seek. Mr. Ward indeed speaks sometimes as if he considered his principle equally applicable to all kinds of subject-matter. He thinks it "plainly true" for instance that a wish to believe is "the reasonable attitude in physical discovery," and sees "no reason to limit it to that one branch." We should have imagined on the contrary that the indulgence of such a wish was very likely to lead an explorer of physical science to mistake a mere working hypothesis for a demonstrated fact, and we suspect it has often actually had that effect. But we fully admit that "when arguments are stated most explicitly there is a personal element in their full apprehension," if the statement is limited to cases of moral as distinct from scientific evidence. In such investigations there is need of what our author well calls "a certain amount of emotional sympathy." And hence, to use his own words, "whereas the evidences of Christianity are, to a great extent, common property, the people who are convinced by them are those who have what is called religious minds." The remark has of course been frequently and

quite justly made in regard to the early Christian converts, and it explains the oft-quoted phrase of Tertullian about "the testimony of a soul naturally Christian." The sceptic will inevitably turn it into a ground of ridicule or objection, as though it showed that, as Hume sneeringly puts it, "our holy faith does not rest upon reason"; but his ridicule is misplaced. Granting for argument's sake that Christianity is true—and it would be begging the question to assume the contrary—it could not be otherwise. Just as men of genius even, who are destitute of imagination, are unable, whether in real life or in history, to appreciate a character out of harmony with their own, and will often thoroughly misunderstand it—as is conspicuously exemplified in Macaulay's estimate of Johnson—so will an inquirer who has no sympathy with the teachings of Christianity or the character of its Founder be incapable from moral repugnance of apprehending the real force of the evidence, which finds no response in his own moral nature; and this *ex hypothesi* not because the evidence is bad, but because his own moral nature is defective. We have spoken of Christianity, but the same principle will apply to other ethical or religious systems—say Buddhism—which, exactly in proportion to the amount of truth they contain, will attract those whose minds are most readily receptive of truth. To say this is not to say—what Hume really meant—that religion and reason are mutually opposed to one another, but rather that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are" comprised in a syllogism or a proposition of Euclid, and that different subjects require a diverse method of treatment. In the poet's words, "we live by admiration, hope, and love," not by abstract reason only, and, while purely intellectual discussion belongs to the pure intellect, there are questions which have a wider than purely intellectual bearing, and therefore depend on more general considerations. It has been well observed by Bishop Temple that "the antagonism between science and revelation arises much more from a difference of *spirit and temper* in the students of each than from any inherent opposition between the two." The obligation of filial piety is not difficult to demonstrate, but plausible objections may be started, and the argument will fail to convince the mind of "an unnatural son." This is not the place for entering on a Scriptural disquisition, or it might easily enough be shown that the New Testament invariably appeals to the kind of evidence we have endeavoured to indicate; "an honest and good heart" is no needful or even helpful qualification for the study of Aldrich's Logic, and the Scripture miracles are expressly represented as wrought for the benefit of those only who were predisposed to faith. But on that aspect of the matter we cannot linger. Mr. Ward has done good service in calling attention to an important side of Christian Apologetics, too apt to be forgotten, though his method of expression appears to us somewhat inexact.

RECENT RUBÁIYÁT

(OMAR'S GHOST TO HIS NEW TRANSLATORS.)

DOWN in the Grave the dead Men drink no more,
Alas! nor e'er ajar is here a Door,
And overbaked, my Brother, is the Clay,
Wherein the amber wine we used to pour!

Nay here, among the dusky Groves of Death,
There comes no Moon the Dusk that lighteneth,
And here the Nightingale hath Naught to say,
And here the Rose hath lost her scented Breath!

We were the Blossom blowing on the Tree
And now the Dust about the Roots are We,
And seldom cometh now a kindly Soul
To drench the thirsty Lips of Thee and Me!

About the old Mahogany they sit,
Our Friends, and dream themselves the Mouth of Wit.
Doth One remember us and spill the Bowl,
For us beneath the Daisies? Out on It!

Alas! were We alive, and They were dead,
A kind Libation to their Dust I'd shed;
We are the white, that were the purple Rose,
Their Burgundy might lend us of its red.

Suppose I sent them up a Telegram,
Much would they care for Omar, called Khayyám?
Nay You, that might be more polite, you doze,
As I were boring you—perchance I am?

When once one gets the Hang of it, I think
That rhyming is as easy as to drink.
Alas! give Me the Cup, and spare the Pen;
Alas! give me the Wine, and take the Ink!

Translating and translating me they go,
Philologists and Women, even so,
Fitzgerald, Thou alone of later Men,
Who try the Trick, the Trick didst really know!

REVIEWS.

LIFE OF SAMUEL SEABURY.*

DR. BEARDSLEY is emphatically the first of living authorities upon the history of the Church in Connecticut, and upon the life of the remarkable man who began the series of American bishops. As it is not very easy for a "full writer" to be what is called "readable," we have to tolerate the author's somewhat heavy manner for the sake of his solidity and thoroughness. A Bacon or a Pascal can be at the same time light in manner and weighty in matter; but it is hardly possible to suppose that a Bacon or a Pascal could have united these two characteristics in the construction of a biography. The biographer has to choose between satisfying two very different sorts of readers—those who want knowledge and those who want amusement. He cannot satisfy both. The latter ask for "picturesqueness." The sort of biography which they demand can never be supplied by a pioneer who has spent years of labour and research upon his subject, as Dr. Beardsley has; but it is left to be provided by one of those free-and-easy literary gleaners whom publishers send out upon the trail of the man of research and work, and who skim, trim, back, and appropriate his labours. There will doubtless be plenty of "picturesque" and "readable" memoirs of Bishop Seabury in "Lives of American Churchmen," or some other similarly named compilation. But they will all have to borrow from Dr. Beardsley, and we hope that the journey-men of the modern Grub Street, English or American, will have grace to own their debts.

It is not necessary to repeat the noble and romantic story of Bishop Seabury, as the successive editions of Dr. Beardsley's prior "Life and Correspondence" of the first American prelate have made it well known. The author describes the present book as an "abridgment" of the earlier work. The suggestion of abridging can seldom be a welcome one to the constructor of a solid work. It has cost him so much toil and time to collect and shape his stones, and fit each into its proper place, that it is natural for him to be unwilling to omit any one of them when he repeats his work upon a smaller scale. Dr. Beardsley's conception of the process of abridging is characteristic, for his abridgment covers nearly four hundred closely-printed pages. We cannot grumble at the author for giving so much space to Colonial politics. It would be impossible to understand the first American bishop unless we knew him in his earlier character as a politician. Anglican politics and Anglican Churchmanship were as inseparable in the clergy of Connecticut, the electors of Seabury in 1783, as they had been a century earlier upon our side of the Atlantic in such Churchmen as Sancroft and Ken. The full-length picture of the sturdy and pious American loyalist and Churchman who was upholding in the colonies in the eighteenth century the masculine Anglican traditions which were then growing dim in the mother-country is a rarity in English literature. The heroes and confessors of lost causes rarely get their due share of laurels, for there are few who care to seek them out and crown them. If Dr. Seabury's consecration as the first American Bishop had not brought him to the front as the leader of a new and promising cause, Englishmen would have known little of the courage, endurance, and sufferings of the clerical loyalists in America. Dr. Beardsley's book gives plentiful evidence that Seabury was a type and representative of the clergy who elected him and sent him across the seas for consecration. The author has reprinted at full length every document of historical importance—such as the long and touching appeals of the bishopless clergy of America to the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the letters of Dr. Seabury during his stay in London, and the Concordat between the Scottish Bishops and the first American Bishop, so fateful in the liturgical development of the American Church. The English prelates little dreamed that by their refusal to consecrate Seabury they were indirectly substituting the Scottish for the English Eucharistic office in the United States. It is a pity, as the abridgment is especially intended for English use, that Dr. Beardsley has not spent the same detailed research upon the English portion of the background of his subject as he has spent upon its American portion. It is only by comparing Seabury with the ablest of his contemporaries in England that we can rightly appreciate him as a man, a theologian, and a prelate. Dr. Beardsley might have shown—notwithstanding the corrupt tradition of present-day Liberationism as to the invariable attitude of the spiritual peers toward Dissent—that there were members of the contemporary English episcopate who were much more tender of the wrongs and susceptibilities of Dissenters than of the cruel wrongs which their own fellow-Churchmen in America had to endure from the Dissenters. Dr. Seabury, like his father before him, and so many of the American clergy, was a missionary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. His sober and modest letters to the Secretary of the S.P.G. in England have been valuable aids to Dr. Beardsley in the construction of his biography. The letters of 1777, written during the civil war, report the calamities of the mission-clergy, and the untimely death of two of them in their zealous attempts to make full proof of their ministry. Seabury himself, on account of his loyalty, was a marked and hunted man; he had to practise physic, which he had studied in Edinburgh on his first visit to Europe, as a means of livelihood, baptizing and

* The Life of Samuel Seabury, D.D., first Bishop of Connecticut. By E. Edwards Beardsley, D.D., LL.D. J. Hodges. 1884.

preaching as he was able, like the confessors of the primitive Church. At such a time, in this very year 1777, Richard Watson, the famous Bishop of Llandaff, then holding the Regius Professorship of Divinity at Cambridge, took occasion to write to Baron Masseres "that the Government of Connecticut and Massachusetts Bay" had "set an example, I had almost said of justice, in the disposal of the public wealth for the maintenance of the ministers of religion, well worthy the imitation of all Christian States; and their moderation ought to cover the sticklers amongst ourselves for American episcopacy with contrition and confusion." Dr. Watson, by virtue of his office, was himself "a minister," as he put it, "of the Society for propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts." This sedulous preferment-hunter and champion of Dissenters at home and abroad doubtless knew of the pathetic letters sent home by the distressed and ruined missionaries of the Society; but he made it a boast, in this same year, that he had hitherto "resolutely refused contributing anything towards the support of the Society, because I always believed that its missionaries were more zealous in proselyting Dissenters to episcopacy than in converting heathens to Christianity." It happens that the first powerful impulse to episcopacy in the Congregationalist colony of Connecticut sprang up amongst the Congregationalists themselves, when Cutler, the scholarly Independent, the rector of Yale College, and the principal tutors, in the course of their study of ecclesiastical literature, felt themselves bound to conform to the Church. Dr. Seabury's father was originally a Congregationalist preacher; and it is no small testimony to the unselfish earnestness of the convert to Episcopacy that he resigned his post and prospects as a preacher of the favoured religion of the colony, crossed the Atlantic to obtain holy orders from the Bishop of London, and returned to Connecticut as the humble missionary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, with a salary of 50*l.* a year. The Independents, who were in command at Yale College, insisted upon conformity to Congregationalism; although the famous American College received large contributions from Churchmen, no student was allowed to go to "episcopal" worship.

Dr. Beardsley would have added to the completeness of his picture if he had given some account of the English archbishops and bishops who turned a deaf ear to the appeals of the American clergy. "The Archbishop of Canterbury" and "the Archbishop of York" are nothing but titles in his book. A student can of course find out for himself, if he will take the pains and has the means within reach, what were the names, and what the characters, of the two wealthy and powerful archbishops who drove Dr. Seabury in 1784 to apply to the poor Bishops of Scotland. But the readers for whom this abridgment is compiled may justly complain that such a search ought not to be left to them. Archbishop Cornwallis, whom Bishop Watson described as a "wife-ridden" prelate of paltry abilities and wrong-headed politics, died on the 1st of May, 1783, and Dr. Seabury arrived in London on the 7th of July in the same year. We presume that the letter of the clergy of Connecticut to the Archbishop of Canterbury was intended for Archbishop Cornwallis. The King first urged Bishop Hurd and afterwards Bishop Lowth to accept the primacy. The former has himself told us why he refused it. It is said that both prelates were asked by George III. which of the bishops they regarded as the fittest man for the primacy, and that each, without any previous consultation of the other, advised the King to nominate Dr. John Moore, Bishop of Bangor. Archbishop Moore was, therefore, new to his seat when he was confronted with the eager appeal of the American clergy. The new Primate was the son of a Gloucester butcher; he owed his promotion to prudence; as a cautious politician, he feared to commit himself. Dr. Seabury unconsciously drew a life-like portrait of him in a letter to the Connecticut clergy, describing his unsatisfactory interview with Archbishop Moore, and his intention of setting forth at once for York to plead with Archbishop Markham. The Northern Primate, an Irishman by birth, was equally prudent; he had been so successful an educator that he was chosen preceptor to the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York; he was an amiable and fascinating man; he died enormously wealthy. By his "prudence," as Nichols said, Archbishop Markham was able to bequeath a hundred thousand pounds to his kindred. He was indeed reputed to have a sympathetic point of contact with the politics of Seabury, of his Scottish consecrators, and of the Non-jurors. He printed nothing but two sermons, and one of these was a discourse for the great Jacobite Saint's day, January 30th. But he was too prudent to allow the politics of the closet to interfere with the politics of actual life. When Seabury frankly told him the object of his journey to Scotland, the Archbishop exclaimed, "Why, Dr. Seabury! do you not know that these Scottish bishops are Jacobites?" "Yes, my Lord," answered the American, "and, if report speaks true, your Grace's non-juring principles are the brightest jewel in your Grace's mitre." It was through the intervention of Dr. George Berkeley, the son of the great bishop and philosopher, that Seabury applied at last to the Scottish prelates. The *Times*, in a leading article on the Seabury centenary, absurdly claims for the consecration of Seabury by the Scottish prelates "the understood approval of Archbishop Cornwallis," who had died a year and a half before the application was made.

TWO BOOKS ON BEASTS.*

CHAMPFLEURY'S celebrated cat-book (it is unnecessary, or at least contrary to French practice, to give the "M." to this agreeable writer) has been long enough celebrated to make it rather surprising that nobody should have translated it into English before Mrs. Cashel Hoey. It is all the more creditable to her that she has done the translation, and has added thereto extracts and annotations from other books, including the *Ménagerie intime* and the awful story of "As-tu déjeuné, Jacquot?" The present reviewer happened to be witness not many months ago of a cat-and-parrot scene less eloquent vocally, but even more glorious to the parrot. A green parrot, who was allowed the run of a London garden, had taken it into his head to climb a tree, to get on the dividing-wall of that and other gardens, and to make voyages of exploration. He had arrived at a place where the brick wall was surmounted by a green trellis, and he perched himself on this, occasionally exclaiming "Mother!" in a heartrending tone. Now the garden which he thus dominated was inhabited by a red tom-cat of decided character, who apparently took this as a challenge. He quickly mounted the wall and the trellis, and began hostile approaches in form. The scene was too interesting to be interrupted prematurely, like that between Mme. Théophile and the "Green Chicken," but the household of the red cat promptly armed themselves with weapons, and attained a point of vantage whence they could protect the bird, who, though a stranger, was known and appreciated. But the parrot had in its "Moi" as sufficient a resource as Medea herself. For a time it paid no apparent attention to the cat, but gazed into vacancy, ejaculating "Mother!" Exactly as the cat crouched for a spring at a foot or two distance, and as the spectators were wondering whether brooms ought to come into play, the parrot made a half face with the speed of lightning, rose on its heels like a cock, flapped its wings also chanticleer-fashion, and pounced on the cat with wings and beak. It did it no harm beyond a decided buffet, but the cat was so completely bewildered that it nearly fell off the trellis and shuffled back several feet, while the parrot contemplated it with the air of a natural philosopher, and again cried "Mother!" At this point the cat, completely beaten, was picked off the wall by a benevolent cook, and retired to ruminate on the unsportsmanlike oddities of "green chickens." There is a Roland for Théo's and Mrs. Cashel Hoey's Oliver.

There is, as a matter of course, something lost in a translation of a writer so pleasant in his own language as Champfleury. But there is not too much lost in this translation, and the book itself will always remain one of the chief books, if not the chief book, on its subject. The author has been a little desultory, no doubt; it must be confessed that there is something in the serious charge which we have seen brought against him, that his knowledge of classical references to cats is not exhaustive, and that he has not treated the question whether the Greek and Roman cat was a cat at all, and was not rather a weasel or marten, with scientific completeness. These things granted, it remains that the subject of cats generally, and the cats of great men and the cat painters (at least Mind and Burbank—Champfleury wrote before the celebrity of Lambert), and cat language, and cattiana generally, are not likely for a long time to be treated more satisfactorily. Moreover, Champfleury is almost without exception sound as to the great heresies connected with cats—their want of personal affection, and so forth. Nearly all good people like cats, and nearly all bad people bully them, though there are, no doubt, exceptions to both rules. There ought to be good people enough in the merely English-speaking world to furnish a sufficient audience for Mrs. Cashel Hoey.

Mr. Nicols's anecdotes of the carnivora deal, of course, with many other beasts besides the cat, but a large section of them is devoted to pussies. Mr. Nicols is a kind of proselyte of the gate. He seems to be fond of cats, and to keep them; he has written beyond comparison the best protest against the abominable cruelty of shutting up houses and letting cats take care of themselves that we have ever read; and he has evidently observed the beast with the eye of a naturalist. But he is still to some extent in the gall of bitterness. We do not quarrel with him for being sceptical as to the "homing" faculties of cats, the evidence of which in our own experience is extremely puzzling and contradictory; and he may well quote with scorn some absurd stories which attribute to cats rather more than the retrieving intelligence of an accomplished thought-reader. But it is simply absurd to call the cat "an unreclaimed savage." It is not true that "we can do next to nothing for it in sickness"; still less is it true that all cats are born thieves—which, though Mr. Nicols does not state it so broadly, he evidently holds. What is true, and what is admitted by all reasonable lovers of cats, is that you cannot take liberties with them. If you treat a cat roughly, it will scratch; if you starve it, it will steal; if you pay no attention to it, it will pay no attention to you. If there are people who think the worse of it therefore, we do not.

Cats, however, occupy Mr. Nicols for but a small portion of his book, which is occupied in a desultory but very agreeable fashion with observations and speculations on carnivora of the most diverse kind, from the lion to the mungoose. By the way, we

* *The Cat, Past and Present.* By Champfleury. Translated and edited by Mrs. Cashel Hoey. London: Bell & Sons. 1885.

Sketches among the Carnivora. By Arthur Nicols. London: Upcott Gill. 1885.

take leave to protest most vigorously against the conduct of a friend of Mr. Nicols, who set a mongoose to fight with a cobra after hampering the mongoose's movements by tying a pocket-handkerchief round it. Fair play is a jewel all the world over; and, though we have not the slightest objection to a good fight between any kind of beasts, this sort of handicapping in matters of life and death is as unsportsmanlike as it is inhumane. Against Mr. Nicols himself, however, we have nothing on this score. He has hunted all sorts of beasts in Australia and South America; he seems to have partaken of most kinds of English sport; he has exchanged correspondence with Mr. Darwin and other great naturalists; and, as above noticed, he seems to observe with great care and, on the whole, with great intelligence the manners and customs of domestic animals. Partly at second and partly at first hand, therefore, he has something to say about a very large number of beasts—wild, captive, and tame. By far the larger part of the book, however, is devoted to dogs, of which useful and respectable animal Mr. Nicols is obviously an ardent devotee. He seems to have shot most things (including, if we are not mistaken, a black fellow in Queensland) over one or other of two celebrated animals, Carlo I. and Carlo II., who stood to each other in the relation of grandfather and grandson, and were unrivalled at sheep-minding, retrieving, house and tent protection, and dog duties generally. We do not dispute any of Mr. Nicols's dog stories, though we gather from some remarks of his that he might not be so polite towards the perfectly true story of cats bringing birds alive and unhurt to a person in whom they have confidence and dropping them into their hands. The dog is quite capable of all the feats which Mr. Nicols records of the Carlos, and we at least should not have betted against his retriever bringing out of a shrubbery in which it was known, several balls were lying, the particular one which his master had just handled and thrown in. A long chapter (Chapter VI.) on the intelligence of dogs is one of the best collections of the kind that we are acquainted with, inasmuch as it is no mere congeries of uncritical anecdotes, but exhibits an understanding of the principles of evidence and a rational determination to sift as well as to collect. Mr. Nicols repeated on one occasion after Mr. Romanes the experiment of dogs and soap-bubbles, and found that while his dog exhibited the keenest interest in them before he saw them made, he took them after he had seen his master make them as pure matters of course. The chapter before this, on Rabies, is a sensible treatment of a subject on which much rubbish has been talked. There is every reason to believe with Mr. Nicols that rabies, like some complaints to which man is more directly subject, might with an intelligent effort be entirely stamped out. But, as in those cases, the carelessness and stupidity of individuals levy a terrible tax on the community. A fact which Mr. Nicols mentions, and which is not, we think, generally known, is that, though a case of rabies has never occurred in Australia, and the importation of dogs has been free there, it is now prohibited. Chapters III. and IV. deal chiefly with the capacities of the dog as shepherd and hunter, and are perhaps the most generally readable in the book. Mr. Nicols was apparently a stockman both in Queensland and on the River Plate, and turned his opportunities to the best advantage. His notes on the dingo are good. In mentioning a few remarks on different breeds of dogs, let us in passing congratulate Mr. Nicols on doing justice to the bulldog.

In the earlier chapters, which are miscellaneous, the bear section is interesting, though less so than it would have been if Mr. Nicols had contributed more to it at first hand, his own anecdotes being always told with a rarely appreciative intelligence. He thinks, however, very highly of bears in point of brains, and we make no doubt that he is right. But is it not rather hasty to say that the white bear "has no such reputation for ferocity as the grizzly"? We were under the impression that the white bear—delightful beast as he is to look at—was, even when in captivity and half domesticated, exceptionally savage. With skunks Mr. Nicols had divers brushes in America, and, like every one else, came off very much the worse; and he once shot a puma. This last feat is interesting, because Mr. Nicols, who came upon the puma unawares, describes it as about to spring on him when he shot it—a lucky shot, for he had nothing with him but a smooth-bore shot-gun. Now, most puma hunters say that the beast, unless driven to bay, will rarely if ever attack a man. Of wolves there is little in the book, and not much about foxes, though Mr. Nicols seems inclined to accept the extraordinary story of Reynard finding a substitute for Keating's powder in a river and a bunch of moss. Indeed, the great value of the book is not that of a regular treatise on the carnivora, but of a collection of observations at first hand, or selected with care at second hand, by a naturalist in the best sense. It is well illustrated, the finest of the plates being large reproductions of masterly drawings by Mr. Nettleship.

A BATCH OF SHORT STORIES.

'49. *The Gold Seekers of the Sierras*, by Joaquin Miller (London: F. Bordon Hunt), is certainly among the best of Mr. Joaquin Miller's stories. The author tells us that the tale was originally published in the *Overland Monthly*, then edited by Mr. Bret Harte. It is a story of the time when gold was first discovered in California; when the new mania caused (as in this case) many homes to be broken up and many family ties to be

severed. A young farmer from the Mississippi Valley leaves his wife and child, intending to return in a year with his fortune made. But the mine on which he has staked his hopes proves a failure, and, as time passes, his money comes to an end, and he is left without even the means to return. He determines to conceal his name, and is known in the miners' camp as '49, the year in which he first came out. Eventually, by an accident, he meets his wife and child when he is old and grey, and when his son, whom he left a baby, is a young man. The scenery and the rough mining life are realistically drawn, and the plot is interesting.

Rutherford, by Edgar Fawcett (London: F. Bordon Hunt). In spite of the light and sometimes smart conversations with which this book abounds, it contrives to be dull. It is a novel describing New York society and satirizing the love for aristocracy, as exemplified in the Knickerbocker families. The hero, Duane Rutherford, has lived much of his life in Europe, and on his return to his native land falls in love with an American girl, whom he had met abroad (Constance Calverley), a woman devoted to Utopian projects of philanthropy. Another heroine, her cousin, Adelaide Van Cortlandt, falls desperately in love with Rutherford, and is glad enough to take her place when Constance refuses him on account of his want of sympathy with her projects for regenerating the world. Adelaide and Rutherford become engaged, and he and Constance play the ungraceful part of "dog in the manger" to each other. Constance, although she refused Rutherford herself, tries to persuade her cousin, Adelaide, that the match is not a suitable one, and that she should break it off. In spite of her endeavours, however, Adelaide and Rutherford are married. Eventually Constance engages herself to a man who she imagines can assist her in her philanthropic views. The Rutherfords invite them to dine. Duane Rutherford takes Constance in to dinner, and exhorts her to take warning by him, and not to marry without love. She breaks her engagement and her lover's heart. Adelaide becomes the victim of an intense jealousy of her husband. They go into the country for the summer, and she invites Constance on a visit. All go on a boating excursion on the lake. The boat upsets. Rutherford apparently makes no effort to save his wife. Adelaide is drowned outright. While he is swimming ashore with Constance he tells her that he loves her; and she, after a severe illness caused by the shock and exposure, finally dies.

The Adventures of a Widow, by Edgar Fawcett (Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co.), is a stronger book. A young American girl, Pauline Van Corlear, marries an elderly rich *roué*, named Varick, for money and position. After making her a bad husband, he dies worn out with vice and bad temper. She returns to New York, determined to create a *salon* of only clever and unfashionable people, and to escape from the conventionalities of her own clique. On the steamer returning to America she meets an Irishman, Ralph Kindelon, a journalist on the staff of a paper called the "New York Asteroid." She confides her desire to form a circle of gifted Bohemians to him. Under his guidance Mrs. Varick soon has her drawing-room in Bond Street filled with adventurers of both sexes. Among them are Mrs. Dares and her daughter Cora. The latter is privately engaged to Mr. Kindelon, but, tempted by the widow's wealth, he throws over Miss Dares in the hope of marrying Mrs. Varick. The latter accidentally overhears a conversation between her lover and Miss Dares. Her eyes are opened, and she breaks off the engagement. Her enthusiasm for needy adventurers ceases, and she makes up her mind to return to her own class. Some singular statements as to human nature are made in the book. Mrs. Varick, for instance, says, "Experience has taught me that, if we could see down to the innermost depth of any good man's liking for any good woman, we would find there an undercurrent of real contempt." Some of the Americanisms are curious. Mrs. Varick says, "Mr. Bedlowe's novels are *dire*"; Mrs. Dares remarks "that change will have an *accent* for you"; and when Mrs. Varick got angry she "bristled visibly."

Ten Years a Judge, by Judge Wiglittle (London: F. Bordon Hunt), is the account of the everyday life of an American country judge on his circuit. Such an official in America combines the duties of clerk and magistrate. It is a tedious book, enlivened here and there by an amusing passage. The style is peculiar, and gives the effect of a translation from certain German dialects. For instance, we find these words *à propos* of rat-catching in the judge's house, "Yes, he got in, but he could not get out, and *hide he did* in a pile of cabbages piled up in a cellar, and *gnawing them all up he was and other damage doing*." And, again, we find this phrase about poachers:—"Nevertheless did he the day before yesterday boldly invade the quail forest, and *five quail shoot* before the very eyes of the fine old gentleman himself." Some of the anonymous letters addressed to the judge and the police-officers are inimitably funny.

Guy Darrell's Wives, by E. Iles (London: John & Robert Maxwell), is a thoroughly improbable story of the sensational kind. The hero does not marry his grandmother, but he comes very near marrying his own daughter, whom he has never seen. The plot is very complicated and unpleasant.

Sugar Plums for Children, by Dorothea S. Sinclair (Remington & Co.), is a charming little book of fairy stories. They are as pretty and ingenious as can be desired, and we envy the little ones who have such a treat before them. "Poppies and Barley," "King Carbon," and the "Dutch Doll" are among the best of the stories.

Meg's Mistake, and other Sussex Stories, by Mrs. Robert O'Reilly (London: Hodder & Stoughton), form a series of pleasant, harm-

less tales, intended apparently for girls from twelve to sixteen. They all more or less serve their purpose. "Meg's Mistake," "Master Judd's Daughter," and "A Twelve Months' Character" are perhaps the most taking.

A Long Lane with a Turning, by Sarah Doudney (London: Hodder & Stoughton), is not a pleasant book, though the purpose of the author is praiseworthy. Cassandra Decks, the chief heroine, is a repulsive person, who works endless mischief by her deceit and jealous tempers. Let us hope that her example may serve as a deterrent on the young reader.

The Rivals of the Cornfield, by the authoress of *Genevieve's Story* (Griffith & Farran), is a nice, good, little allegory for nice, good little children who never quarrel and are never troubled with jealousy or any other naughty passions. The lesson against jealousy is illustrated by a quarrel between the poppies and corn in a field. The farmer's children admire the poppies and despise the corn. The dispute is finally settled by the fairy queens of both parties, who teach their respective subjects that all things and all creatures have their uses as well as beauty.

Her Great Ambition (London: Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co.) is a delightful story delightfully told. The scrapes that the children get into from thoughtlessness and love of fun are most amusing. A little orphan girl comes to live with her uncle, a widower with several children. At first her cousins dislike the idea of Dolly coming to live with them because she is a girl. But she makes herself so pleasant and useful that they soon can do nothing without her help. Dolly's "great ambition" is to do something heroic for her uncle, whom she loves very much, and who has been very kind to her. At last the occasion so ardently desired comes. The house takes fire one night, and Dolly, awakened by her dog "Tim," arouses the household just in time. Her uncle carries Dolly through the flames to a place of safety, but in doing so Dolly is struck on the head by a falling beam and is killed. It is a pity that the ending of the story is so sad, especially as it is for children.

N. or M., by the author of *Honor Bright* (London: Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co.) A more inappropriate title could hardly have been chosen. The only connexion that it has with the story is the fact that the two little girls who figure in it are named Nora and Mary, and laugh when they are asked their names in the Catechism by their aunt. But the defect of the book ends with the title, and the adventures of the two little girls while away from home on a visit in the country are very entertaining.

Arnold's Resolve, by Mrs. Lucas Shadwell (Glasgow: Scottish Temperance League) is a story written for the Temperance cause. We have read more attractive books on the subject. It may prove useful for Sunday schools, and do good to those who like this style of book.

Queensford, by Bruce Edwards (Glasgow: Temperance League) is another Temperance story, and more interesting than *Arnold's Resolve*. It will, no doubt, be welcome to many.

NEW LAW BOOKS AND EDITIONS.*

MARRIED women have long been a terror to young lawyers. The Act of 1882 has not only rendered those married on or after the 1st of January, 1883 (whose number, of course, is constantly increasing), much less difficult to deal with, but has invested the arrangements made with regard to them with something very like finality. The time has therefore come for writing their history, and this has been essayed by Mr. B. E. Lawrence in an essay which gained—and, we will venture to say, deserved more unquestionably than is usually the case—the Yorke Prize in the University of Cambridge. Mr. Lawrence is not only an industrious student, but evidently one of those praiseworthy lawyers who keep their eyes open for humorous aspects of the law as they go along. The man who writes a useful and accurate law book deserves to have it bought. He who also makes it good reading deserves personal gratitude and University prizes as well.

Mr. Lawrence begins at the beginning. After incidentally complimenting Blackstone for the courageous paradox which declares "that the female sex is the special favourite of the law

of England," he informs us that "an Anglo-Saxon wife" had considerably more extended rights of property than have been allowed to her daughters down to 1883. She "could certainly dispose of her *morgengifu*—that is, the gift presented to the wife by her husband" on the morrow of the marriage. This arrangement was certainly in the lady's favour, as it must be supposed that even an Anglo-Saxon husband would at that precise period be as generous as it was in his nature to be. Moreover, "there was no limit to the amount of the *morgengifu*." But with the Norman Conquest these good times came to an end, and "by the time of Glanvil" the married Englishwoman "had become the mere creature of her husband's will; her property became his, and her personality was merged in his." The Welsh, or, as Mr. Lawrence spells it, Welch, law also in early times gave some rights to married women. They were less simple, and probably less satisfactory, than those established by the Anglo-Saxons, but so remarkable that we give Mr. Lawrence's account of them in full:—

The Welch law seems to have allowed the wife three kinds of property, each of which was in the nature of separate estate, namely, her *Cowyll*, her *Gowyn*, and her *Saraad*, and these could not be taken from her for any cause. Her *Cowyll* was what she received for her maidenhood. Her *Saraad* was what she recovered for every beating given to her by her husband except for three things. The three things for which she might be beaten were, for giving away anything which she ought not to have given away, for being detected with another man in a covert, and for wishing drivel upon her husband's beard; but if for being found with another man the husband chastized her, he had no other satisfaction; for it was not considered proper that he should have both satisfaction and vengeance for the same crime. The wife's *Gowyn* was what she could recover in the case of her husband's infidelity; if she detected her husband with another woman her *Gowyn* was six score pence for the first offence, one pound for the second, and for the third separation, without losing anything that belonged to her. The property the wife might obtain from the above three things belonged to her apart from her husband.

The method of treating his subject adopted by Mr. Lawrence is to sketch the history of the law relating to each principal head, such as Choses in Action, Realty, Dower, Separate Estate, Equity to a Settlement, &c., from its earliest beginnings to the Act of 1882, in a chapter by itself. The essay does not, of course, aim at being a complete account of the law, but as a historical *résumé*, presenting in a compact form the general result of a very curious and very complicated body of law, it is excellent, and though each chapter is short, and the Table of Cases would be exiguous in a text-book, it is probable that many practising lawyers will find it highly useful as a work of, if we may devise the expression, intermediate reference. We will conclude with another extract, showing how the complete common-law doctrine of conjugal unity was impinged upon by the decent and kindly theory of "paraphernalia." In "a case mentioned by Rolle (1,911)" the Court agreed that a married woman "avera sa necessaire apparell come paraphernalia, et le baron ne poet deviser eux de luy pur ceo que necessaire que el ne alera naked mes d'estre conserve del shame et del cold." This, however, was so only if the husband's estate could afford it, for "en le consideration des judges payment des debts sont d'estre pferre devant allowance de jewels al ladies." Altogether the competition for the Yorke Prize has been singularly beneficial this year.

A longer but less instructive treatise about married women's property has been written by Mr. H. T. Banning, who makes marriage settlements the theme of his observations. It may be that in time the importance of marriage settlements may turn out to have been seriously diminished by the Act of 1882; but inasmuch as the friends of female persons about to marry are bound by the real or seeming improvidence of their principals to be specially provident, especially with regard to the possible children, who are not expressly protected by the Act, we do not wonder that at present, as far as our observation has gone, there does not seem to have been any great alteration in the practice of making such settlements on the part of the classes with the members of which they have hitherto been usual. Mr. Banning's work appears to us a good, useful book, on a scale to justify his prefatory boast that it has been his aim "to treat the subject with the greatest conciseness which is compatible with freedom from obscurity"; reasonably exhaustive, and well written, but not differing in any essential respect from several works of a similar nature which have, from time to time, been described in these columns. An appendix contains the text of the statutes which are most necessary to be borne in mind by the draftsman of marriage settlements, including the Conveyancing and Settled Land Acts of 1881 and 1882.

The progress of time has brought about the issue of another edition of one of those much-embracing standard works with whose interior every candidate in a law examination is expected to be more or less familiar. The editor of "Snell's Equity" probably does not expect his public to be enthusiastic in their affection for his literary progeny, but he expects them to buy it, and he will not be disappointed—at least not unless the present habit of examining everybody for everything undergoes serious and unexpected modification. A long and extremely beautiful dedication respectfully inscribes "this seventh edition of 'Snell's Equity,' together with this fourth edition of the 'Practice in Equity,'" to the Downing Professor of Law. Cynical persons may think it might better have been addressed to the Council of Legal Education; but as both author and editor were once the "much admiring pupils" of Professor Birkbeck, and as Professor Birkbeck is in himself no inapt representative of the academical study of law, there is not really any fault to be found with the dedication. Mr. Archibald Brown "has made all such amendments in the text

* *The History of the Laws affecting the Property of Married Women in England; being an Essay which obtained the Yorke Prize in the University of Cambridge.* By Basil Edward Lawrence, M.A., LL.M., of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. London: Reeves & Turner. 1884.

A Concise Treatise on the Law of Marriage Settlements. By Henry Thomas Banning, M.A., Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Sons. 1884.

The Principles of Equity. By Edmund H. T. Snell, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Seventh Edition. To which is added an Epitome of the Equity Practice. Fourth Edition. By Archibald Brown, M.A., B.C.L., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Haynes. 1884.

The Laws of Insurance—Fire, Life, Accident, and Guarantee. By James Biggs Porter, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Haynes. 1884.

The Law relating to Corrupt and Illegal Practices at Parliamentary, Municipal, and other Elections. By Miles Walker Mattinson and Stuart Cunningham Macaskie, of Gray's Inn, Barristers-at-Law. Second Edition. London: Waterlow & Sons. 1884.

The Lawyer's Companion and Diary, and London and Provincial Law Directory for 1885. Edited by J. Trustram, LL.M., of Lincoln's Inn, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. Thirty-ninth Annual Issue. London: Stevens & Sons. 1885.

of the previous edition . . . as appeared to be required to maintain the character of the book as a complete and useful Students' Book and Treatise." We will venture to point out to Mr. Brown a passage which he has reproduced *verbatim* from the previous edition the amendment of which in the eighth edition would, in our opinion, strengthen the claim of his book to the character which he desires to maintain for it. On page 323, in the chapter entitled "Mortgages," it is written:—

A power of sale, even before that Act [the Conveyancing Act, 1881], was usually inserted in mortgage deeds, giving the mortgagee authority to sell the premises; but such a power was only permitted to be exercised where the mortgaged land did not exceed in value the money lent; for, if the security was very ample, it was not likely that the mortgagee would consent to such a power being given to the mortgagee, in case default should be made in payment; and the concurrence of the mortgagor in the sale is not necessary to forfeit the title of the purchaser.

Every student knows, or should know, that the second clause of this sentence is entirely without foundation; but, to make the matter worse, the concluding clause (which is true enough, and therefore impossible to reconcile with the preceding statement that the mortgagee would not be likely to consent to such a power being given when the security was good) is supported by the citation of *Dicker* (which Mr. Brown spells *Decker*) v. *Angerstein*, in which the late Master of the Rolls decided that upon a particular mortgage-deed, which gave the mortgagee peculiarly wide powers of giving a good title to a purchaser, a sale by him to a *bond fide* purchaser was good as against the mortgagor, although the debt secured by the mortgage had been actually paid off before the sale took place. In this case the security was ample to infinity, because there was nothing left to be secured; yet the power was permitted to be exercised, which makes the sentence we have quoted singularly paradoxical. Mr. Brown will do well to go through his book, keeping a special look-out for errors of this description, because it has now attained an extremely influential position, which it will retain for a long time independently of its actual merits, and the character of the rising generation of equity lawyers depends upon it a good deal. When a man teaches anything, even equity, to everybody, he ought to be very careful to teach it rightly. The book has been adapted to the small amount of new legislation, and the large number of new decisions, which have taken place since the issue of the preceding edition.

Mr. Porter, looking over the boundless waste of existing law books, observed that, while one author had dealt with the subjects of Life and Fire Insurance, and another with Life and Accident Insurance, no one had yet treated comprehensively of Life, Fire, and Accident Insurance, and he determined to do it. So he has given an account of the law of all Insurance except Marine, and it is by no means a bad account. In treating of the very difficult and complicated question of what amounts to an insurable interest, Mr. Porter has adopted the modest, and, under the circumstances, sensible, expedient of stating in detail as briefly as possible what facts have and what have not been held to be insurable interests. It was never easy to lay down a rule on this subject which should at once cover the decisions and be intelligible, and since the decision of the Court of Appeal in *Stock v. Inglis* it has been harder than ever. The same method prevails more or less throughout the book, especially in the chapter on "Accident." The writing is clear, and the arrangement good.

We are not surprised at receiving a second edition of Messrs. Mattinson and Macaskie's book on *Corrupt Practices at Elections*. In the first place, this gloomy subject has, especially at the present time, great fascinations for a large class of persons, of whom every one has a keen personal interest in the matters here treated of. Secondly, the passing of the Municipal Elections (Corrupt and Illegal Practices) Act of this year has made it possible to treat the whole subject in a compendious manner. As in the first edition, the arrangement is good, and the appendices, tables, schedules, and the like, copious and instructive. We need hardly say that the account of the leading cases on Parliamentary petitions is full of good reading. There is a story about a bishop (not of the Church of England) which many of the general public would read with interest and edification, especially when it is taken in conjunction with the recent Acts. It occurs on p. 95. The book is as good a one for all purposes as any on the subject that we have seen.

Persons engaged in the practice of the law would appear to have a singular predilection for huge volumes of the almanack class, containing endless stores of heterogeneous information corrected up to date. The thirty-ninth issue of that prepared by Mr. Trustram (for 1885—which is also called 48 & 49 Vict.) now lies before us. It contains most things; but particular stress seems to be laid on the Tables of Costs, which are certainly very full, and doubtless mathematically correct. A "practical reading of the Statutes of 1884" is there, of course, and the Postal Regulations: also, apparently, all the information contained in the Law List, which is a mere incident, and the private addresses of the members of the House of Commons—in fact, most things.

HUCKLEBERRY FINN.*

THE boy of to-day is fortunate indeed, and, of a truth, he is to be congratulated. While the boy of yesterday had to stay his stomach with the unconscious humour of *Sandford and*

* *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* (Tom Sawyer's Comrade). By Mark Twain. London: Chatto & Windus.

Merton, the boy of to-day may get his fill of fun and of romance and of adventure in *Treasure Island* and in *Tom Brown* and in *Tom Sawyer*, and now in a sequel to *Tom Sawyer*, wherein Tom himself appears in the very nick of time, like a young god from the machine. Sequels of stories which have been widely popular are not a little risky. *Huckleberry Finn* is a sharp exception to this general rule. Although it is a sequel, it is quite as worthy of wide popularity as *Tom Sawyer*. An American critic once neatly declared that the late G. P. R. James hit the bull's-eye of success with his first shot, and that for ever thereafter he went on firing through the same hole. Now this is just what Mark Twain has not done. *Huckleberry Finn* is not an attempt to do *Tom Sawyer* over again. It is a story quite as unlike its predecessor as it is like. Although Huck Finn appeared first in the earlier book, and although Tom Sawyer reappears in the later, the scenes and the characters are otherwise wholly different. Above all, the atmosphere of the story is different. *Tom Sawyer* was a tale of boyish adventure in a village in Missouri, on the Mississippi river, and it was told by the author. *Huckleberry Finn* is autobiographic; it is a tale of boyish adventure along the Mississippi river told as it appeared to Huck Finn. There is not in *Huckleberry Finn* any one scene quite as funny as those in which Tom Sawyer gets his friends to whitewash the fence for him, and then uses the spoils thereby acquired to attain the highest situation of the Sunday school the next morning. Nor is there any distinction quite as thrilling as that awful moment in the cave when the boy and the girl are lost in the darkness, and when Tom Sawyer suddenly sees a human hand bearing a light, and then finds that the hand is the hand of Indian Joe, his one mortal enemy; we have always thought that the vision of the hand in the cave in *Tom Sawyer* is one of the very finest things in the literature of adventure since Robinson Crusoe first saw a single footprint in the sand of the seashore. But though *Huckleberry Finn* may not quite reach these two highest points of *Tom Sawyer*, we incline to the opinion that the general level of the later story is perhaps higher than that of the earlier. For one thing, the skill with which the character of Huck Finn is maintained is marvellous. We see everything through his eyes—and they are his eyes and not a pair of Mark Twain's spectacles. And the comments on what he sees are his comments—the comments of an ignorant, superstitious, sharp, healthy boy, brought up as Huck Finn had been brought up; they are not speeches put into his mouth by the author. One of the most artistic things in the book—and that Mark Twain is a literary artist of a very high order all who have considered his later writings critically cannot but confess—one of the most artistic things in *Huckleberry Finn* is the sober self-restraint with which Mr. Clemens lets Huck Finn set down, without any comment at all, scenes which would have afforded the ordinary writer matter for endless moral and political and sociological disquisition. We refer particularly to the account of the Grangerford-Shepherdson feud, and of the shooting of Boggs by Colonel Sherburn. Here are two incidents of the rough old life of the South-Western States, and of the Mississippi Valley forty or fifty years ago, of the old life which is now rapidly passing away under the influence of advancing civilization and increasing commercial prosperity, but which has not wholly disappeared even yet, although a slow revolution in public sentiment is taking place. The Grangerford-Shepherdson feud is a vendetta as deadly as any Corsican could wish, yet the parties to it were honest, brave, sincere, good Christian people, probably people of deep religious sentiment. Not the less we see them taking their guns to church, and, when occasion serves, joining in what is little better than a general massacre. The killing of Boggs by Colonel Sherburn is told with equal sobriety and truth; and the later scene in which Colonel Sherburn crows and lashes the mob which has set out to lynch him is one of the most vigorous bits of writing Mark Twain has done.

In *Tom Sawyer* we saw Huckleberry Finn from the outside; in the present volume we see him from the inside. He is almost as much a delight to any one who has been a boy as was Tom Sawyer. But only he or she who has been a boy can truly enjoy this record of his adventures, and of his sentiments and of his sayings. Old maids of either sex will wholly fail to understand him or to like him, or to see his significance and his value. Like Tom Sawyer, Huck Finn is a genuine boy; he is neither a girl in boy's clothes like many of the modern heroes of juvenile fiction, nor is he a "little man," a full-grown man cut down; he is a boy, just a boy, only a boy. And his ways and modes of thought are boyish. As Mr. F. Anstey understands the English boy, and especially the English boy of the middle classes, so Mark Twain understands the American boy, and especially the American boy of the Mississippi Valley of forty or fifty years ago. The contrast between Tom Sawyer, who is the child of respectable parents, decently brought up, and Huckleberry Finn, who is the child of the town drunkard, not brought up at all, is made distinct by a hundred artistic touches, not the least natural of which is Huck's constant reference to Tom as his ideal of what a boy should be. When Huck escapes from the cabin where his drunken and worthless father had confined him, carefully manufacturing a mass of very circumstantial evidence to prove his own murder by robbers, he cannot help saying, "I did wish Tom Sawyer was there, I knowed he would take an interest in this kind of business, and throw in the fancy touches. Nobody could spread himself like Tom Sawyer in such a thing as

that." Both boys have their full share of boyish imagination; and Tom Sawyer, being given to books, lets his imagination run on robbers and pirates and genies, with a perfect understanding with himself that, if you want to get fun out of this life, you must never hesitate to make believe very hard; and, with Tom's youth and health, he never finds it hard to make believe and to be a pirate at will, or to summon an attendant spirit, or to rescue a prisoner from the deepest dungeon 'neath the castle moat. But in Huck this imagination has turned to superstition; he is a walking repository of the juvenile folklore of the Mississippi Valley—a folklore partly traditional among the white settlers, but largely influenced by intimate association with the negroes. When Huck was in his room at night all by himself waiting for the signal Tom Sawyer was to give him at midnight, he felt so lonesome he wished he was dead:—

The stars was shining and the leaves rustled in the woods ever so mournful; and I heard an owl, away off, who-whooping about somebody that was dead, and a whippoorwill and a dog crying about somebody that was going to die; and the wind was trying to whisper something to me, and I couldn't make out what it was, and so it made the cold shivers run over me. Then away out in the woods I heard that kind of a sound that a ghost makes when it wants to tell about something that's on its mind and can't make itself understood, and so can't rest easy in its grave, and has to go about that way every night grieving. I got so downhearted and scared I did wish I had some company. Pretty soon a spider went crawling up my shoulder, and I dipped it off and it lit in the candle; and before I could budge it was all shrivelled up. I didn't need nobody to tell me that that was an awful bad sign and would fetch me some bad luck, so I was scared and most shook the clothes off me. I got up and turned around in my tracks three times and crossed my breast every time; and then I tied up a little lock of my hair with a thread to keep witches away. But I hadn't no confidence. You do that when you've lost a horse-shoe that you've found, instead of nailing it up over the door, but I hadn't ever heard anybody say it was any way to keep off bad luck when you'd killed a spider.

And, again, later in the story, not at night this time, but in broad daylight, Huck walks along a road:—

When I got there it was all still and Sunday-like, and hot and sunshiny—the hands was gone to the fields; and there was them kind of faint dronings of bugs and flies in the air that makes it seem so lonesome and like everybody's dead and gone; and if a breeze fans along and quivers the leaves, it makes you feel mournful, because you feel like it's spirits whispering—spirits that's been dead ever so many years—and you always think they're talking about you. As a general thing it makes a body wish he was dead, too, and done with it all.

Now, none of these sentiments are appropriate to Tom Sawyer, who had none of the feeling for nature which Huck Finn had caught during his numberless days and nights in the open air. Nor could Tom Sawyer either have seen or set down this instantaneous photograph of a summer storm:—

It would get so dark that it looked all blue-black outside, and lovely; and the rain would thrash along by so thick that the trees off a little ways looked dim and spider-webby; and here would come a blast of wind that would bend the trees down and turn up the pale underside of the leaves; and then a perfect ripper of a gust would follow along and set the branches to tossing their arms as if they was just wild; and next, when it was just about the bluest and blackest—fst! it was as bright as glory, and you'd have a little glimpse of tree-tops a-plunging about, away off yonder in the storm, hundreds of yards further than you could see before; dark as sin again in a second, and now you'd hear the thunder let go with an awful crash, and then go rumbling, grumbling, tumbling down the sky towards the under side of the world, like rolling empty barrels down stairs, where it's long stairs and they bounce a good deal, you know.

The romantic side of Tom Sawyer is shown in most delightfully humorous fashion in the account of his difficult devices to aid in the easy escape of Jim, a runaway negro. Jim is an admirably drawn character. There have been not a few fine and firm portraits of negroes in recent American fiction, of which Mr. Cable's *Bras-Coupé* in the *Grandissimes* is perhaps the most vigorous, and Mr. Harris's Mingo and Uncle Remus and Blue Dave are the most gentle. Jim is worthy to rank with these; and the essential simplicity and kindness and generosity of the Southern negro have never been better shown than here by Mark Twain. Nor are Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn and Jim the only fresh and original figures in Mr. Clemens's new book; on the contrary, there is scarcely a character of the many introduced who does not impress the reader at once as true to life—and therefore as new, for life is so varied that a portrait from life is sure to be as good as new. That Mr. Clemens draws from life, and yet lifts his work from the domain of the photograph to the region of art, is evident to any one who will give his work the honest attention which it deserves. Mr. John T. Raymond, the American comedian, who performs the character of Colonel Sellers to perfection, is wont to say that there is scarcely a town in the West and South-West where some man did not claim to be the original of the character. And as Mark Twain made Colonel Sellers, so has he made the chief players in the present drama of boyish adventure; they are taken from life, no doubt, but they are so aptly chosen and so broadly drawn that they are quite as typical as they are actual. They have one great charm, all of them—they are not written about and about; they are not described and dissected and analysed; they appear and play their parts and disappear; and yet they leave a sharp impression of indubitable vitality and individuality. No one, we venture to say, who reads this book will readily forget the Duke and the King, a pair of as pleasant "confidence operators" as one may meet in a day's journey, who leave the story in the most appropriate fashion, being clothed in tar and feathers and ridden on a rail. Of the more broadly humorous passages—and they abound—we have not left ourselves space to speak; they are to the full as

funny as in any of Mark Twain's other books; and, perhaps, in no other book has the humourist shown so much artistic restraint, for there is in *Huckleberry Finn* no mere "comic copy," no straining after effect; one might almost say that there is no waste word in it. Nor have we left ourselves room to do more than say a good word for the illustrations, which, although slight and unpretending, are far better than those to be found in most of Mark Twain's books. For one thing, they actually illustrate—and this is a rare quality in illustrations nowadays. They give the reader a distinct idea of the Duke and the King, of Jim and of Colonel Sherburn, of the Shepherdsons and the Grangerfords. They are all by one artist, Mr. E. W. Kemble, hitherto known to us only as the illustrator of the *Thompson Street Poker Club*, an amusing romance of highly-coloured life in New York.

PLANT-LORE, LEGENDS, AND LYRICS.*

WHY a writer who can plead no special provocation should wilfully disfigure his title-page and vex the soul of his critic by a type so ingeniously aggressive and unpleasant as that which Mr. Folkard has invented, it is not easy to comprehend. The offence, too, is repeated at the top of every page and in the heading of every chapter. It is the more unfortunate since the subject he has chosen has no lack of interest, and the limited credit which he claims for his labours—nothing "beyond the exercise of considerable industry"—is so modestly put forward that the sternest reviewer must be at once disarmed, and would fain overlook some unnecessary repetition in the book itself, and be tender with its not very luminous introduction. The volume, a thick 8vo. of six hundred pages, is divided into two parts; the first, a series of chapters, a history of plant-lore, arranged in no special order; the second, an encyclopædia of six hundred plants, with their myths, their legends, and their symbolism. Thus there is room for much and varied information, and it must be owned that very little space is wasted. Mr. Folkard has told what he has to tell often in shortest compass, and has rarely burdened his text with reflections of his own, and, if he has not always told his tale completely, it has not been from careless indifference. His occasional errors are pardonable, and are more frequently of omission, or arise from evident oversight in his arrangement, as when, in his list of plants in alphabetical order, he places *Aster* before *Ash*, and *Briony* follows *Broom*. The more singular errors are just those which we should least have expected from a writer once "associated in the conduct of a journal devoted to horticulture." Thus he relates:—

In Norway is to be found the herb *Ossifrage*—a kind of reed which is said to have the remarkable power of softening the bones of animals, so much so, that if oxen eat it their bones become so soft that not only are the poor beasts rendered incapable of walking, but they can even be rolled into any shape. They are not said to die, however. Fortunately they can be cured if the bones are exhibited to them of another animal killed by the eating of this plant. It is most wonderful, however, that the inhabitants make a medicine for cementing bones from this very herb.

The "herb *Ossifrage*," of which he gives this circumstantial account, is neither peculiar to Norway, nor is it "a kind of reed." It is a perfectly well-known plant, the *Narthecium ossifragum*, the *Lancashire* or *Bog Asphodel*. Linnaeus placed it among the Liliaceae, in the genus *Anthericum*, a word which, curiously enough, is an anagram of its proper title. Hooker and others class it with the Juncaceae, but we believe its exact position is not absolutely determined—some divergence has been observed in the form of the pollen. It occurs in every one of the eighteen botanical districts of the British Islands as defined in the London Catalogue, or, to be more exact, it is found in ninety-four of the one hundred and twelve botanical divisions of Wilson. It is known, too, as far south as Italy; its Spanish name has the same significance as here, *Anterico ossifrago*; and the injurious qualities assigned to it are persistent wherever it is found; but whether the cattle suffer through eating the plant itself, which is improbable, or from becoming bogged in the treacherous swamps which the *Lancashire Asphodel* commonly affects, is not so certain. We can find no authority, even in legend, for the extraordinary statement that, after eating it, the unfortunate oxen "can be rolled into any shape"; nor is it clear whether we are to understand that their cure is effected by "exhibiting" the bones—that is, by administering them in some form as a medicine—or by merely offering them to the gaze of "the contemplative kine." It is a less excusable error in an author to have borrowed so largely from other writers without acknowledgment. He gives a list of the "principal works referred to"; among these is the *Popular Names of British Plants*, by R. C. A. Prior, now in its third edition. Mr. Folkard's method of "referring" is to transcribe with almost verbal literalness. Thus, Mr. Prior says of the carnation that the name is "incorrectly derived, in general, from the flesh colour of the flowers . . . but more correctly spelt by our older writers coronation, as representing the *Vetonia coronaria* of the early herbalists, and so called from its flowers being in chaplets, coronæ. So Spenser, in his *Shepherd's Calendar*, 'Bring coronation and sops

* *Plant-lore, Legends, and Lyrics; embracing the Myths, Traditions, Superstitions, and Folk-lore of the Plant Kingdom.* By Richard Folkard, Jun. London: 1884.

A Dictionary of English Names of Plants Applied in English and among English-speaking People to Cultivated and Wild Plants, Trees, and Shrubs. By William Miller. London: John Murray. 1884.

of wine, worn of paramours." Mr. Folkard:—"The carnation is generally supposed to have obtained its name from the flesh colour of its flowers, but it was more correctly spelt by old writers coronation, as representing the *Vetonica coronaria* of the early herbalists, and so called from its flowers being used in the classic coronæ or chaplets. Thus Spenser, in his *Shepherd's Calendar*, says, 'Bring coronations and sops in wine, worn of paramours.' Still, it is only justice to Mr. Folkard to say that he has succeeded in bringing together a vast amount of curious information from widely different sources; and, as a contribution to folk-lore this volume should not be lightly cast aside. It would not have lessened his credit as a compiler, and would have increased the value of his work, if he had more generously referred to his authorities.

A knowledge of folk-lore in relation to plants is a great addition to the simple pleasures of country life. Few think as they gather a handful of lovely wild flowers with what weird legends they have perhaps been connected, or what marvellous curative value they were in earlier days believed to possess. In varied and mysterious power few of the natural order Labiata surpassed the betony. It is a common and very pretty woodland plant, bearing an interrupted head or spike of light purple flowers on a long stem. Its name, says Hooker, is altered from *Bentonic* in Celtic, meaning *ben*, the head, and *ton*, good or tonic, but its more probable derivative is from the Latin of Pliny, *betonica*, or *Vettonica*. Mr. Folkard quotes from William Turner's *British Physician*, 1687:—"It would seem a miracle to tell what experience I have had of it. This herb is hot and dry, almost to the second degree, a plant of Jupiter in Aries, and is appropriated to the head and eyes, for the infirmities whereof it is excellent, as also for the breast and lungs. . . . Some write it will cure those that are possessed with devils, or frantic, being stamped and applied to the forehead." Without going so far back as Pliny or Antonius Musa, some sort of physician in ordinary to the Emperor Augustus, who affirmed that betony would cure forty-seven different ailments, there is evidence of the reputation in which the plant was held in a precious volume apparently unknown to Mr. Folkard, and which in fact few people can have seen. In the MSS. Department of the Museum, with the mysterious press-mark "not understood of the people," Cot. Vitel. c. iii. f. 45, is an Anglo-Saxon Herbarium. Its date is about the year 1050 A.D. It has passed through many vicissitudes, the last and gravest being the fire at Ashburnham House in 1731. Among other plants the writer does not overlook the betony, which is, he fervently declares, "as good for a man's sole as for his body." He further tells—we are compelled to modernize the spelling—"If a man's head be broke, take the same wort betony, scrape it and rub it very small to dust, then take two drachms weight and swallow it in hot beer, then the head healeth very quickly after the drink." The frank acceptance of a possibility, the careful measurement of the powdered betony, two drachms, the generous indifference both as to the quantity and quality of the "hot beer," and the confident assurance of a cure are delightful. The prescription is, in modern parlance, "altogether too lovely." And it is clear that the learned author did not over-estimate the virtues of this marvellous plant, for he tells that the presence of betony in "hot beer" would render any quantity innocuous. "If a man will not be dronke, let him take erst (i.e. before he begins his potations) and taste of betony the wort." It may be useful as well as interesting to know that, though absent from the northern parts of the kingdom, betony is not unfrequent in the midland counties.

In regard to the origin of myths and legends, Mr. Folkard expresses a very natural objection to accept them as mere symbols of the phenomena appertaining to the solar system and metaphors of the four seasons and the different periods in a day's span, and instances the well-known story of the transformation of Daphne into a laurel-bush to enable her to escape the importunities of Apollo. He refuses to accept the teaching that we are not to "conceive the idea of the handsome and passionate god pursuing a coy nymph until in despair she calls on the water gods to change her form; but, on the contrary, we should regard the whole story as simply an allegory, implying that the dawn rushes and trembles through the sky, and fades away at the sudden appearance of the bright sun." The attempt to resolve each episode of myth into some answering physical event is still more happily ridiculed by Tyler (*Primitive Culture*), who remarks that to him who would thus find an explanation no legend or nursery rhyme is safe. "Should he, for instance, relate the mystic origin of the Song of Sixpence, he would tell us how the four-and-twenty blackbirds are the four-and-twenty hours, and the pie that holds them is the underlying earth crowned with the overarching sky; how true a touch of nature it is that when the pie is opened—i.e. when the day breaks—the birds begin to sing. The king is the sun, and his counting out his money is pouring out the sunshine, the golden shower of Danae. The queen is the moon, and her transparent honey the moonlight. The maid is the rosy-fingered dawn, who rises before the sun, her master, and hangs out the clouds, his clothes, across the sky. The particular blackbird who so tragically ends the tale by snipping off her nose is the hour of sunrise" (it is unnecessary to add that the reparation effected by the wren is a mere "fond thing, vainly invented," introduced probably to lessen the horror, but in no wise a part of the original history). Yet in sober truth we may not reject these explanations too hastily. Equally childish rhymes can undoubtedly be traced backwards until their source is discovered in some "antique

interpretation of physical events." Greater nonsense apparently there could not be than the tale of Jack and Jill, yet in early Icelandic mythology, and even to this day among more ignorant Swedish peasants, they are two ill-fated children who had been drawing water in a bucket which they bore on a pole across their shoulders; for some offence they were spirited away, and in this attitude have stood to the present day in the moon, falling away one after the other as the moon wanes, their water-pail symbolizing the supposed connexion of the moon with rain storms. In the days when such legends were invented, there was absolutely no knowledge of natural science even in its simplest form, "nothing," as Fiske says (*Myths, and Myth-Makers*) "was supernatural, because what was natural was undefined. There was an unlimited capacity for believing and fancying, because fancy and belief had not been checked and headed off in various directions by established rules of experience. Mr. Fiske's whole argument is well worthy of consideration. It will be found in an essay on "The Primeval Ghost World"; one passage is so apposite that we cannot refrain from quoting it:—"Myths, like words, survive their primitive meanings. In the early stage the myth is part and parcel of the current mode of philosophizing; the explanation which it offers is, for the time, the natural one, the one which would most readily occur to any one thinking on the theme with which the myth is concerned. But by-and-bye the mode of philosophizing has changed, explanations which formerly seemed quite obvious no longer occur to any one, but the myth has acquired an independent substantive existence, and continues to be handed down from parents to children as something true, though no one can tell why it is true. Lastly, the myth itself gradually fades from remembrance, often leaving behind it some utterly unintelligible custom or seemingly absurd superstitious notion." Various mystic properties were assigned to the verberna or vervain, a plant of which Gerard writes, that the devil himself did reveal it as a secret and divine medicine; it was connected in some way, like the Soma tree, with forms of primitive religion, in which, at their first conception, the plant itself played no part at all. Its legendary history begins when some thinker, slightly in advance of his fellows, seeks for explanation, and accepts as satisfactory some idea so trivial that it is difficult to bring our minds to entertain it. As time goes on the myth alters and is lost, and another, perhaps distant, generation tell the history in all seriousness, but now the visible simple flower has become the representative of the victim of spirit or perchance of demon. On the other hand, many of the myths relating to plants, as many of their assumed medicinal properties, have no antiquity at all. They are, as compared with the rest, either modern or at best go back to those superstitious days when witchcraft was regarded with the respect which we now pay to an exact science.

Perhaps no prettier plant myth was ever invented than that which Linnæus has assigned to the marsh Andromeda, *A. polifolia*, whose beautiful oval drooping flowers hang almost hidden by the leaves:—

As I contemplated it, I could not help thinking of Andromeda, a virgin of exquisite beauty. The plant is fixed in some turfy hillock, in the midst of swamps, as Andromeda was chained to a rock in the sea, which bathed her feet as the fresh water does the roots of the plant. As the maiden cast down her face in her excessive sorrow, so does the rosy-coloured flower hang its head, growing paler and paler as it withers away. At length comes Persens, in the shape of Summer, dries up the surrounding water, and destroys the monster!

Of the second book whose title we have given, we can only say that it is a well-intended and apparently very carefully-executed attempt to familiarize lovers of flowers with their English names. Mr. Miller resents the multiplication of synonyms, and quotes an amusing if not very pertinent passage from *Proserpina*, in support of his contention. The really sensible view is taken in a letter which he inserts from a contributor to *The Garden*. "Both kinds of names (i.e. the technical and the popular) are necessary; each for its proper purpose; the scientific name for classification, for study, for international research and correspondence, for business, for all rather hard and dry purposes; but for daily life among flowers, in poetry and popular books, for common use among the many people whose enjoyment of flowers does not approach any scientific purpose," we would have "the familiar names in our own tongue."

ALL ROUND SPAIN.*

THIS book reminds us of a "little story," as President Lincoln used to say. Once when crossing the Atlantic we fell in with a man who had the original habit of making a bow with his forefingers and thumbs like this () whenever he put remarks of his own in the story he was telling in order to show that it was intended as an aside. We wish that the author of *All Round Spain* had enclosed his personal opinions in parentheses. It would have been better for all parties concerned. The padding and reflections of Mr. Deverell take up a good third of the book. It is trying to be obliged to wade through pages of sentences like the following:—"In theatrical representations it is not the purely theatrical that captivates, and in fiction it is not the purely fictitious that enchains the heart; but it is the real, or possibly real, underlying the theatrical and the fictitious, that is the source of attraction." Or, again, "for long enough generally proves short enough, and

* *All Round Spain*. By F. H. Deverell. London: Sampson Low & Co.

plenty of time is an expression which should be taken, not as a license to inactivity, nor as liberating one from the necessity for energy, but as meaning that there is plenty, and a little to spare, provided you make good use of it."

He is delightfully naïf, and lets one into his secret thoughts about Esau and things in general with charming simplicity. Everything he sees reminds him of texts in Scripture, and at times his quotations are singularly *mal-à-propos*; as, for instance, when he realizes the industry of the Moors in the irrigation machines at Valencia, he remarks:—"It is the slothful man who says, 'There is a lion without, I shall be slain'; and, 'If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light.'" At one place his coachman had less good food to eat than he had, which calls forth the following quotation and remark:—"And David's heart smote him when he had numbered the people." "Money is the biggest old cheat that ever was invented. It makes men rich who ought never to be rich, and others poor who ought never to be poor." Then he proceeds to tell the story of a hop-picker, who had received less wages than he thought he was entitled to, and who said he "wished there was no money," and so on for a couple of pages.

He is very much astonished that Spanish boys like to fly kites and play at leap-frog. Boy nature we suspect is the same all the world over. In another place, after a long dissertation on the delights of mountain air and freedom, he ends up with, "But oh! I am so glad that God has made some parts of this earth of ours incapable of cultivation."

This is not what we look for in a book of Spanish travel. Such a book should be one of two kinds; either full of practical information about hotels, trains, and expenses, for the instruction of those travellers who may follow the writer, or it should tell us of uncommon out-of-the-way places, scenes or phases of social life which the writer has become acquainted with by some good fortune, and which are difficult of access to the ordinary tourist.

Mr. Deverell tells us in the "Introduction" that he has made "previous travels in Spain," and we were therefore surprised to find that, having been so often in contact with perhaps the most formally courteous nation on the face of the earth, he should be so overwhelmed with their politeness in paying for the various cups of coffee that he had. Coffee and cigars cost so little that the poorest can afford to give a friend or acquaintance a treat, and much more so if he be a stranger in their country. It is different, however, with the Spaniard's custom of making their houses free to you, or begging your acceptance of anything that you may admire. It is quite understood among the natives themselves that a refusal is expected in such a case, but it sometimes leads to awkward situations with strangers who do not understand the little farce. And this reminds us of another "little story." A person went out with excellent introductions to a Spanish colony. While dining with one of the magnates of the place, he happened to admire a very handsome gold snuffbox which the head of the house used during dinner. The Spaniard at once said that it was his guest's (according to the Spanish phrase), not intending to be taken at his word. To his astonishment our friend, who was young and accustomed to perfect sincerity, accepted it joyfully, and took it home with him. On telling the circumstance the next day to a friend, the stranger was told to send back the snuffbox at once in a box of choice cigars, and to write a letter saying that he had only accepted it as a means of offering to the donor his own small present, which could not well be refused. But it was a lesson to the green one which he never forgot. In his commissariat Mr. Deverell seems to have been unfortunate. He evidently had not read his Ford or profited by his former experiences, or he would not have complained, as he does once or twice throughout the book, that, "in true old Spanish style, no one came to see me to make arrangements or to ask what I should like." Unless you look after yourself in Spain, no one thinks of attending to you. The rule is, those that want can ask, and those who have provisions can have them cooked. Therefore, when starting for out-of-the-way places, the wise traveller lays in a stock of provisions at the last large town at which he stops.

The ground over which Mr. Deverell takes us is the usual tour for people who have time and money to spend; but in two ways he has been singularly fortunate and successful; in being present at the ceremony of the "Tribunal of the Waters," as it is called, at Valencia, and in finding his way to Andorra. He gives an interesting account of the settlement of disputes over the distribution of water for irrigation. The Tribunal is held once a week in the open air, and each canal of the "Vega" is represented by a "Sindico." There are eight in all. The disputes arising from the overdrawing of each one's share of the water are settled by the "Sindicos." Their decision is summary, and from it there is no appeal. In his journey to Andorra Mr. Deverell was most successful. Few people know much about this independent little Republic, which is buried in the Pyrenees, and has preserved its independence and its own institutions for nearly eleven hundred years; and fewer still have ever tried to get there and see it for themselves, for it is a difficult place to get at. Mr. Deverell tells us that "a tribute of 960 francs a year is paid by Andorra to France, and 480 francs a year to the Bishop of Urgel"; that it is governed by a council-general of twenty-four members, four representatives for each of the six communes which compose the Republic; that there is no public debt, no taxation, and but little crime. The author's chapter on Andorra and what he saw there is the most novel and interesting in the book.

SCUDDER'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.*

IN all things pertaining to what may be called the furniture of a school-book Mr. Scudder's *History of the United States* comes, perhaps, as near perfection as any work of the same character to be met with in the two worlds. It contains no fewer than twelve coloured and twenty-seven uncoloured maps, all of them instructive and executed with wonderful neatness. If we say little of the engravings, it is because, by the side of the maps, they are as silver was in the days of Solomon. Yet a Britisher, as he looks at them, will think evil thoughts of the school-publishers of his own land, and of the stock of worn-out blocks and plates they seem to share in common. Less to be admired than maps or engravings are three gorgeous pages presenting the strange devices on the seals of the different States of the Union, blazoned in *or* and *argent*, and in every colour known and unknown to heraldry. Analyses and questions are in abundance, and the index is thoroughly satisfactory. Some parts, indeed, of the profuse apparatus of the volume are open to cavil. At the beginning of each chapter the reader is instructed in the pronunciation of all out-of-the-way words. Now we are ready to confess entire ignorance of the method—if, indeed, there be a method—in phonetic madness; yet, even so, we venture to think that no earthly good can be gained by bidding young people pronounce Jacques as Zhak—whatever sound that strange combination may signify; and we are sure that to treat Christopher for any purpose whatever as Cris'tóf-er is mischievous as well as silly. The ladies and gentlemen who delight to call themselves by the barbarous name of educationalists will probably consider the second preface, headed "Hints to Teachers," superfluous; and, indeed, the writer of a thoroughly good school-book need not fret himself for fear it should not be well taught. Now, though some parts of Mr. Scudder's work are treated satisfactorily, yet, as a whole, it is not equal to the apparatus that surrounds it, and scarcely entitles him to take the position of a teacher of teachers. He shall be judged by the standard he has set up in his preface. His aim, he there tells us, has been to avoid making history "a succession of unrelated facts." Yet the main fault in the earlier part of his book is that, while he sets down his facts in sufficient number, he fails to bring out their meaning with sufficient emphasis. A few sentences, for example, showing the striking contrast between the founders of Plymouth and Massachusetts would have been more useful and more interesting than "the unrelated facts" he has given in each case. Nor can it be said that to pass from the conquest of Canada to the War of Independence without noticing any further connexion between them than the desire of England to make her colonies pay a share of her debts is "to discover critical passages and transition epochs." Again, Mr. Scudder says that in writing his history he has taken his stand (figuratively speaking) "on the European shore." Yet, in spite of this mental nearness to Europe, he asserts that the Netherlands revolted from Charles V., and that in the reign of Henry VIII. "it began to be said" that laws could not be made without the consent of Parliament.

A very fair, though somewhat overcrowded, account of the voyage of discovery is followed by a description of the foundation and early days of the different colonies. In this description the religious tyranny of the Puritan settlers, certainly the most interesting point in their early history, should have received more attention. In considering the Navigation Acts and other measures restraining colonial trade, Mr. Scudder falls into the common error of representing them as they seem by the light of our own day, instead of pointing out the light in which men of the eighteenth century looked on them, and, as far as the Acts of 1650 and 1651 are concerned, he conveys a wholly wrong impression by neglecting to state that, in respect of the restrictions placed on the nationality of the ships and crews to be used in trade, the colonies were not worse off than the mother-country. The treatment of the causes of the revolt from England is somewhat lacking in precision. From a writer who surveys American history from the shores of Europe, or indeed in any other way, we have a right to expect some mention of Edmund Burke, nor should Mr. Scudder have written his account of the remission of the Tea-duty in such a way as to make us doubt whether he understands the nature of that famous measure. The later portion of the book, however, from the Peace of 1783 onwards, is executed in far better style. Two or three short chapters contain some excellent sketches of the difficulties that beset both Congress and the States at the close of the war, of the change of the Confederation into the Union, and of the character of the Federal Constitution. The early characteristics and gradual development of the Federal and Anti-Federal parties, the struggle between the slaveholders and the abolitionists, the growth of the causes of disunion and the character of the rebellion to which they finally led, are on the whole well and clearly told. Both on foreign and domestic matters Mr. Scudder writes in a spirit of fairness and moderation. His last chapter contains a good account of the machinery of the United States Government, and the Declaration of Independence, and the Articles of the Constitution are given at length in his appendix.

* *Scudder's History of the United States.* With Maps and Illustrations. For the use of Schools. Philadelphia: J. H. Butler. 1884.

A PAIR OF MYTHOLOGISTS.*

A GERMAN writer, of considerable repute, once put forth a work to show how futile are the religious differences of men, and to prove how happily they might be reconciled if every one would only agree with him—the German writer. He was, we think, a more or less “orthodox Unitarian.” Mr. T. Lloyd Stanley, with a somewhat similar confidence, has tackled the question of what the religion of the world will be. The world, apparently, will “say ditto” to Mr. T. Lloyd Stanley. What, then, does Mr. T. Lloyd Stanley say? He starts by observing, in a footnote, that “the whole materialist argument, in fact, proceeds upon groundless assumptions.” So much for the materialist; his wicket is down anyhow. Mr. T. Lloyd Stanley then proceeds to infer “the indestructibility of the *Ich*” from “the very few facts which bear either way on the subject.” The “facts” are curious psychological or physical phenomena, and “a number of facts of personal history”—that is, ghost stories—“among others one told by the late Lord Brougham in his Diary, and one told in his ‘Memoirs,’ by the equally eminent Lord Erskine.” Mr. T. Lloyd Stanley says “these narratives are far other than ghost stories.” Without expressing any opinion about ghost stories, we cannot pretend to see what else the “facts of personal history” are on which Mr. T. Lloyd Stanley to some extent relies. Lord Brougham saw a ghost when he was in his tub; the ghost sat on the clothes laid on a chair. The owner of the ghost expired simultaneously in India. Mr. T. Lloyd Stanley investigates the state of the odds against the vision being a mere fluke or coincidence. He ends, and we congratulate him on such a certainty as he thinks he has found:—

This independence of the physical life, this higher and continuing life of the *Ich*, which was thus already probable on general grounds, may be said to be positively proven by such a crucial experiment as that recorded in Lord Brougham’s diary,—proven, that is, so far as the continuance of this higher life, with a novel development of psychic force, or of its power of affecting other minds, *for some time* after the cessation of the physical life. As to how long this continued life may last, in what state or with what faculties, we are not in a position to decide from merely physical considerations, or from the narrative just quoted. But we cannot but remark, that a vast expansion of the psychical influence, an expansion setting at defiance the obstacles of space and external separation, accompanied the physical death of the friend of Lord Brougham.

As we understand our author, he has now more or less satisfied himself of immortality. What very different and ghastly inferences may be drawn from his “facts” he may read in *L’Homme Posthume*, by M. d’Assier. Mr. T. Lloyd Stanley now examines the chief Oriental religions—Vedic, Buddhist, and Hebrew—in a more or less sceptical spirit—that is to say, he does not believe in what he considers the “anthropomorphic” element—and in most, perhaps all, of the miracles in the Hebrew sacred books. But at least he does not commit himself to the absurdities of Goldziher and Steintal. Why he devotes so much space to the Tower of Babel (which he explains more or less euhemeristically) without a comparative examination of all the similar legends of the confusion of tongues and dispersion of peoples, we do not know. As to the Upanishads, he quotes “such authors as Dr. Thomas, Rev. J. S. Robson, and Professor Max Müller.” But is Professor Max Müller such an author as “Rev. J. S. Robson”? Is there not here a confusion between Alexander the Great and Alexander the Coppersmith? And is “say 1000 B.C.” “the period of the Upanishads”? (p. 47). We had thought otherwise. Again, if any sense is to be got out of the sacrifice of Prajapati, the story must be compared with all the similar tales, from the Tacullies and Tinnels to Scandinavia, thence to Chaldaea, and so to the Purusha hymn in the Rig Veda. We feel no confidence in Mr. T. Lloyd Stanley when he gets among Vedas and Upanishads, and vastly prefer Bergaigne and Barth to Dr. Thomas and Rev. J. S. Robson. Not to linger among our author’s criticisms of old religions, we learn from him that “‘The Ich is One’ is the formula of future belief,” and that “Duty to this One, who is *all*, is the rule for practice.” This is the religion of the future in a nutshell. The Duty is “The great *Ich*, or Self,” who is “one with our selves, and with all selves.” The Founder of our own faith, whom Mr. T. Lloyd Stanley prefers to call Yaishousa, is, “*facile princeps*, easily the chief of those who have wrought for and taught mankind in love.” “Love of the Perfect and of one another” is the “great commandment” of the “Religion of the Future.” It is also, we fancy, the great commandment of one of the religions of the present; and what is gained by the change of substituting Lord Brougham’s miracle for others we do not precisely understand. However, Mr. T. Lloyd Stanley means well; and, if we perhaps feel no great confidence in his scholarship, we may admit that it will be a happy future when the “great commandment” is obeyed. To be brief, Mr. T. Lloyd Stanley, like our German friend already mentioned, thinks the Religion of the Future will be the belief in as much of Christianity as Mr. Stanley is able to believe.

Photographs—very nice photographs—of the Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein form the frontispiece of *Mythology, Greek and Roman*. Mrs. A. W. Hall has rendered this harmless work “from the German of Friedrich Nössel.” The translator has found “Buckley’s Euripides” of “great assistance,” which may be taken as a measure of her scholarship. The volume tells the whole tale of divine and heroic days from

* *The Future Religion of the World*. By T. Lloyd Stanley. New York: G. P. Putnam’s Sons. 1884.

Mythology, Greek and Roman. From the German of Nössel. By Mrs. A. W. Hall. London: Kirby & Deane. 1885.

Uranus, Chronos (*sic*), and Zeus, down to the adventures of Iphigenia in Tauris. The author believes in a childlike, simple, primitive Monotheism, succeeded by a worship of the elemental forces. These were later looked upon as individual gods. When men degenerated they endowed the gods with their own crimes. It would be more rational to say that, as men improved, they tried to divest the gods of the vices they had imputed to them in their ages of ignorant savagery. This, at all events, is the opinion of Eusebius, but we can hardly expect to find anything so sensible in a manual of popular mythology. The stories are told in a simple and not uninteresting way. They do not charm, like Kingsley’s *Heroes*, but they do not bore and mislead children with fanciful etymological explanations. Probably this method is the right one of teaching children all about myth that it is necessary for them to know, but possibly more criticism and sharper distinction of Greek and Roman fables would do no harm.

CHARLES LEVER.*

MR. FITZPATRICK’S biography was first published so recently as in the year 1879. A reperusal of the volume does not convert us from the opinion which we then expressed that the author writes very funny English. In his peculiar style he tells as many rollicking and marvellous stories of his hero as his hero ever told of himself under his various pleasant aliases of Charles O’Malley, Harry Lorrequer, and Jack Hinton. The fact that Mr. Lever almost systematically and of set purpose neglected to live within a very wide margin of his income or to make any provision for his family, and that he positively revelled and delighted in extravagant impecuniosity, is not glossed over in the least. On the contrary, it is dilated upon with a monotonous and complacent iteration as if the statement were so pleasant a morsel to the author’s palate that he was in no hurry to swallow and have done with it, and to pass on to the next dish. “There are temperaments,” writes Lever, and his biographer dwells most lovingly on the words, “which thrift disagrees with, just as there are constitutions which cannot take opium or digitalis that others profit by. Mine, I say in all humility, is one of them.” There is nothing in the life of the genial and kindly spendthrift which can point any other moral than that a long career of reckless prodigality is not likely to end in an honourable or happy old age. Mr. Fitzpatrick seems to think that the English Government ought to have done more for so pleasant a writer as the author of so many slap-dash novels and for so brilliant an essayist as Cornelius O’Dowd. We think that the novelist met with wonderfully good friends in high quarters, and that his very pleasant exile might be envied by many a writer who combines a literary talent as great as Lever’s with a habit of punctually paying his debts.

Mr. Fitzpatrick’s inaccuracies are frequent, as when he says that Mr. G. P. K. James was once Consul at Boston, and when he talks of “Peninsular medals hanging from the breasts” of English officers in or about the year 1810. We wonder who are the persons who, according to the author of this volume, attributed to Lord Chatham and to Voltaire the saying, “Give me but the making of a nation’s ballads, and I care not who makes its laws.” We should also like to know on what authority Mr. Fitzpatrick informs us that “*Disraeli* once got quizzed for dating a letter from Windsor Castle.” Occasionally the English of this book is very exquisitely Irish, as when we are told that “Lever was offered strong introductions to the Viceroy Lord Eglinton, but the glare of a Satrap had lost its charm for him.”

Lever, who rightly pronounced Thackeray to be “the kindest and best-natured man in the world,” once asked the genial satirist, who had been loud in praise of the *agrément* of Florence life and the *désagrément* of life in London, why he did not follow his example and live abroad. He answered, “I am as tied to London as a street-sweeper to his crossing, and can as little afford to give it up, though I long for rest.”

One of the strangest of the many strange stories in this shambling but altogether amusing book is that of the meeting at Lever’s house of the eccentric Archbishop Whately and the Papal Nuncio:—

When Lever resided in Brussels, his house was near the English Ambassador’s [Minister’s?]. Receptions at the Embassy [Legation?] closed for the public at 8 P.M., and none remained later save on special invitations, which constituted them private guests. Lever always opened his house on the reception evenings at 8 P.M., when all who could not remain at the Envoy’s poured in on him. Strangest meetings were the consequence. Dr. Whately, Archbishop of Dublin, when his guest, would have no one near him for the evening but the Papal Nuncio. Stranger still, this Nuncio was no other than the present Pope, Leo XIII., better known perhaps as the genial Cardinal Pecci. He sat beside Queen Victoria one day at dinner, and afterwards attended her drawing-room (*salon*?). Presented by Lord Palmerston, the only Pope of whom such things can be told.

At whose house his present Holiness met Queen Victoria at dinner we are not informed.

Apocryphal of Lever and Archbishop Whately, Mr. Fitzpatrick tells a capital story. But we like the version which we have always heard of the novelist’s reply rather better than the one which the biographer gives us. This is the tale as it was told to us. Lever once found himself at an open-air party, given by the Archbishop, at which a number of clergymen were present. The

* *The Life of Charles Lever*. By W. J. Fitzpatrick, F.S.A. New edition, revised. London: Ward, Lock, & Co.

prelate had his own notions on the edibility of all kinds of fungi. He plucked a particularly ugly one and bade his guests taste it and judge for themselves if it were not a delicious tit-bit. One by one, they all gruesomely complied, except the author of *Harry Lorrequer*, who, on being offered a bite, replied, "No, thank you, your Grace, I have only one brother in orders, and he is well provided for in the diocese of Meath."

We have been obliged to speak plainly of Lever's foibles. Let us conclude with a word of high and deserved praise spoken of him by a judicious critic, and which is, at least, as true as any censure that can be cast upon him:—

His writings are absolutely without anything which is base in itself or lowering in its tendencies. The animalism in which he revels is the animalism of which we need not be ashamed. No youthful mind was ever impregnated with a single seed of unwholesome appetite or desire by the novels of Lever. They are infected by no moral taint. Their atmosphere is free indeed and uncontrolled. Their hilarity runs high and is sometimes boisterous. Their heroes are often impossible and extravagant. We are introduced to *noctes canaque deorum* not a few; but there is nothing that an English parent need hesitate to entrust to the leisure-hour reading of an inquiring English boy.

TWO BOOKS ON ELECTRICITY.*

A CURIOUS contrast is presented by two books sent us for notice, *The Electrician's Pocket-book* (Hospitalier), translated from a French original, and one of Collins's "Advanced Science Series," *Magnetism and Electricity*, by Frederick Guthrie. The Pocket-book, which is specially intended for practical men, is everywhere concerned with measurement of the most definite kind. If a condenser is spoken of, we have a short description of the various modes of construction, formulæ for capacity in microfarads, the modes of comparing condensers accurately by combining them in various ways, and the energy due to their discharge. In the body of the other book, intended for science teachers, we find no suggestion of measurement whatever for the capacity of condensers. The advanced science teacher is not even warned that it can be measured, but the unit Leyden jar is spoken of as "very useful for charging another jar equally at different times; for the jar is charged to the same amount when the same number of sparks have passed between B and C."

Again, take batteries: Hospitalier gives the most definite information as to the construction of both the oldest and newest forms—with the electromotive force of each in volts, the work they can do per second, and the tests for internal resistance in ohms; but the book for science teachers gives no hint of measurement applied to electromotive force or internal resistance. When his book was first written, Mr. Guthrie had some excuse for this mode of treatment; but with Hospitalier's Pocket-book before one, it is impossible to approve of the issue of such a work for use to-day. Matters are not mended by the addition of a little appendix where an attempt has been made to cram into one chapter a sort of antidote for the loose and antiquated writing of the old treatise; but this chapter, though as well done by Mr. Vernon Boys as could be expected in the limited space, only serves to bring out the inadequacy of the main treatise into more striking relief. We trust that at the Normal School of Science electricity is taught according to the supplementary chapter, and not according to the old text, otherwise our science teachers will not do much to advance either scientific or technical knowledge.

The Electrician's Pocket Book, by M. Hospitalier and Mr. Wigan, is worthy of all commendation. The information given is that which the practical and scientific electrician wants. It is brought down to a late date, and it is well arranged for reference. The fundamental electrical laws are briefly and clearly stated; the construction and use of electrical measuring instruments actually in use are described; good conversion tables are given by which we can pass from one series of units to another (there is, however, a strange number, "780," given for Joule's equivalent in foot-pounds, which does not match 424 in kilogrammetres). The latest results both as to lighting and the transmission of power are stated with brevity and accuracy. The physical constants required for electrical calculations are set out in sufficient detail, a very fair sketch is given of telegraphic and other applications of electricity, and the book concludes with a series of useful recipes. Mr. Wigan may be congratulated on his translation; and his additions are well considered and valuable both to French and English electricians. The book is of handy size and neat appearance.

HANDBOOK FOR HORSEWOMEN.†

A FEW weeks since (November 29, 1884) we noticed with scanty approval a book called *The American Horsewoman*. The author was under the impression that her work "filled a want," and, if such a want existed, we felt regret that it was not better satisfied. It appears, however, that about the time when *The American Horsewoman* came into being a translation of M. de Bussigny's little volume on riding, under the title of *Handbook*

* *The Electrician's Pocket-book*. By E. Hospitalier. Translated, with additions, by Gordon Wigan, M.A. London: Collins, Sons, & Co. 1884.
Magnetism and Electricity. By Frederick Guthrie. With Supplementary Chapter by C. Vernon Boys, A.R.S.M. London: Collins, Sons, & Co. 1884.

† *Handbook for Horsewomen*. By H. L. de Bussigny, formerly Lieutenant of Cavalry and Instructor of Riding in the French Army. New York: Appleton & Co. 1884.

for *Horsewomen*, was published in New York. This is a book very different from that which we lately reviewed. From it the lady who desires to learn to ride can perhaps learn as much as from any treatise on the subject that has seen the light, because the common sense of horsemanship is kept constantly in view. Pupils are told not only what they should do, but why they should do it. To ride without practice and to swim without going into the water are two equal impossibilities; experience is indispensable; but at the same time there are many men and women who ride moderately well by reason of familiarity with the saddle, but who would ride still better, with increased comfort to themselves and their horses, if they were better acquainted with the art. It is on this art that M. de Bussigny supplies many sound and serviceable hints.

There are, the author points out, two styles of riding in Western Europe—the English, and the Continental or school system. To the former he does a certain amount of justice. "The English method, originating in the national taste for field sports, has developed a race of horsemen worthy of that noblest of animals, the thoroughbred horse." At the same time it is, he thinks, the tendency of Englishmen to leave their horses very much—that is, too much—alone. It may be remarked that this is infinitely preferable to pulling the horse too much about; not the less it must be admitted that riding in its highest development means something more than merely sitting on a horse's back, and guiding it in the way and at the pace it is desired to go. The perfect hack must be schooled to a certain extent. "It not necessary or even desirable to go into all the niceties of the *haute école*," the Handbook confesses, but it would be well if, as a rule—the remark is as applicable in this country as in America—riders knew a little more than they do know. The best English horsemen do certainly seem, in a way, to school their horses, though without following any of the set systems. Thus it is recorded of the late Lord Gardner that he undertook, for a wager, to break with the hind-legs of his horse a couple of dinner-plates which he was to lay down on the taking-off side of a fence. He placed the plates, rode at the jump, and broke both. This proves command over the horse's hind-legs, the propelling power, to obtain complete control over which M. de Bussigny maintains to be the chief secret of successful horsemanship. The suppling of the forehead, which Mr. E. L. Anderson and other writers on schooling deem so important, occupies little of M. de Bussigny's attention. "The whole art of riding," he maintains, "consists in a knowledge of the means which give the rider control of the muscular contractions of the hind quarters." It must be added that the subject is a very large one and the book very small, so that the author has not had space to touch upon many essential points, particularly those not directly connected with his title.

Excellent taste marks his observations. "Style on horseback depends on simplicity," he very properly points out, and so ornaments of every kind, even flowers, "charming as they are at other times when worn by a lady," he politely interpolates, are to be avoided on horseback. Into the details of the author's instructions we need not enter minutely. M. de Bussigny naturally thinks the French method of holding the reins preferable to the English, doubtless because he is habituated to the former. Habit necessarily influences and actuates all riders, and it is the more desirable, therefore, that good habits should be acquired early, so that if the rider be ambitious to excel there may be nothing to unlearn. The author states that he has searched long for an explanation of one thing which seems to us easily explicable. "For the last fifteen years," he says, "I have looked in vain, in all treatises on riding, for the reason of that rising to the action of the horse known as the 'English trot'; and yet I have seen it practised among races ignorant of equestrian science, who ride from childhood as a means of getting from one place to another. The Arabs, Cossacks, Turks, Mexicans, and Apaches all employ it in a fashion more or less precise and rhythmical, rising whether their stirrups are short or long, and even if they have none. It is certain that this way of neutralizing the reaction spares and helps the horse; and it was calculated, at the meeting of the Equestrian Committee at Paris in 1872, that each time a rider rises he relieves the horse's back of one-third of the weight which must rest permanently on it if he sits fast." The fact that Arabs, Cossacks, Turks, Mexicans, and Apaches rise at the trot surely shows a natural instinct on the part of the rider to accommodate himself—or herself—to the horse's action. Horsemen of these nations have not calculated to what extent they relieve their animals; it is to be feared that for this they care nothing; but they rise because it is easier to do so than to sit still. A point on which we are doubtful is the author's recommendation that his pupils should, before leaping, practise positions. "The teacher," he says, "should make them count one, leaning the body and drawing the wrists backward; two, the body and wrists forward; three, the body and wrists backward again. This series, slow in the beginning, may be quickened little by little until it is as near as may be to the speed necessary in these movements during the short duration of a leap." The movements thus indicated are those by which the rider seeks to resist the impulsion given by a horse in the act of jumping; but there is such a very great difference between leaning backwards and forwards while a horse's back is level, and while it is at the angles of the leap—with the forcible, and, in the case of a novice, discomfiting thrust of the quarters, together with the shock of landing, to boot—that such practice as is here recommended cannot be of much assistance.

A few years ago nobody would have thought of suggesting that

a horse might possibly run away because his teeth were in bad order, and the consequent pain irritated him. M. de Bussigny gives this as a not improbable reason why a horse sometimes bolts, and we are quite inclined to agree with him. Two or three years ago a German "horse dentist" came to England, a man who possessed extraordinary power of tranquillizing and handling the most vicious horses. It was his theory, borne out by experience, that the majority of horses suffered more or less from their teeth, which were worn or injured partly by the action of the bit, and partly by their custom of masticating food which they would not have eaten in a state of nature. The improvement of "form" shown by several racehorses after they had been operated on went far to prove the horse-dentist's contention. There are many things that make horses bolt, and it may very likely be that at times the jaw is the cause of the trouble. Horses' teeth are generally too much, and often completely, neglected. We must, in conclusion, say a word in praise of the translation. Here and there a phrase might be improved; "neutralizing the reaction," in the extract given above, is not a thoroughly lucid expression; but, on the whole, the language of the little book is agreeably simple and comprehensible.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

IT is scarcely uncharitable to see that something more than a merely scientific interest in Egypt among Frenchmen is at the bottom of the plan and scale of the tenth volume of M. Elisée Reclus's *Nouvelle géographie universelle* (1). The whole volume, containing more than 600 quarto or imperial 8vo. pages, is devoted to the Basin of the Nile—that is to say, Egypt as it was before Mr. Gladstone relieved the Khedive of the greater part of his dominions and Abyssinia. Now, as all Asia had only four volumes, the proportionate allowance is at least remarkable. Not, of course, that there is not quite enough of interesting matter to fill the book. There would have been no difficulty in filling half a dozen such, but that is not the point. If Egypt had not been Egypt, it would have had pretty certainly to share its volume with the rest of Eastern Africa at least. There is, however, no need to enter here into the question of the origin of French hankerings after Egypt, which to the patient but bewildered inquirer seems to resolve itself into the fact that at intervals of six or seven hundred years Frenchmen made attempts to conquer Egypt and signally failed in both. M. Reclus's comparatively restrained, but very significant, remarks on the present state of Egyptian affairs at once draw attention to the matters just commented on, and make the comment excusable, if not necessary. We think it, as we have always thought it, a pity that a valuable work of reference should be occupied even in a small part of it with controversial and doubtful matter involving the statement of details often disputed, and still more often of ephemeral importance. For the rest, M. Reclus's competence for the purely scientific and useful part of his task receives fresh exemplification, and the ungrudging and workmanlike equipment of the book with illustrations of every kind, is once more remarkable. Three large coloured maps, more than a hundred smaller ones, and fifty or sixty wood engravings supplement and enlighten the text. The latest and most accurate authorities, such as Mr. Petrie on the Pyramids, seem to have been consulted on all scientific points. On some points not scientific M. Reclus seems to have accepted statements (such as the extraordinary assertion that most of Hicks Pasha's officers "avaient été détachés de l'armée britannique") which may possibly be late, but most assuredly are not accurate.

The dramatizations of *L'assommoir*, of *Nana*, of *Pot-bouille* (2), which, whatever else they may or may not have shown, have certainly shown that M. Busnach is an audacious and a lucky playwright, can hardly be said to have much interest as literature. We do not know whether they may be said to have acquired such an interest by the prefixing to them of a trio of prefaces by M. Zola himself. These prefaces, however, have an interest of their own, literary or not. M. Zola, it is agreeable to us (and we hope to M. Busnach as well) to know, thinks that when one makes a play out of a novel "on gâte le livre," wherein, as a rule, we are inclined to agree with him, save that there are some books which you can't spoil. As for *L'assommoir*, M. Zola remarks that "la critique n'est puissante que lorsqu'elle est juste," and here we agree with him *simpliciter*. As to play No. 2 M. Zola is modestly of opinion that "ce rôle de Nana est superbe, car il tient tout le clavier humain." Is this superbness M. Busnach's work or his own? As to the morality of *Pot-bouille*, M. Zola is in the position of Marryat's pleasant nigger, who said that "Badian really too brave." "Elle en est bête tant elle est morale!" cries our great authority on morals and *bêtise*. From all which it may be gathered that, if there is no fun in M. Zola's prefaces, it is not M. Zola's fault.

Mr. Sykes's *Woodford French Book* (3) is a book for beginners at the very beginning, and distinguishes itself by giving very elaborate rules for pronunciation—rules sometimes too elaborate. Thus he leads off by saying:—"There is no sound in English answering to the French *u* [a Devonshire man, by the way, might

dispute this, and justly]. Let the pupil close his lips tightly round a cedar pencil, and then withdraw it without moving his lips. He will then easily make the sound." We have dutifully attempted this singular operation, and we find that we can make the *u* sound in question without it and other *u* sounds with it. Still, this is only a new instance of the old blunder of trying to make printed directions do what printed directions cannot do. Mr. Sykes's book seems careful, and will doubtless be useful. M. Bourdache (4) commits the fault of claiming a little too much in his preface; and his rules and definitions might be expressed with more precision; but in his case also we grudge not the book a share of school patronage.

By an oversight we noticed last week M. Paul Mahalin's *Duc rouge* without including in the notice *La reine des gueux* (5), which, though a separate book, stands to the other in a kind of introductory relation. Like its sequel it is obviously Alexandrian, and the opening scenes, in which Callot the artist is introduced, have a good deal of spirit, which is very finely maintained. *Coupables* . . . ? (6) is a romance of poisoning, which who will may unravel. *Lucifer* (7) is a curious and painstaking, but somewhat heavy, book, in which the machinations of the Jesuits against an orthodox but independent cleric, even after he becomes a bishop, are described with some power here and there, but confusedly, and without command of light and shade.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

IT is a bad sign when a young writer on an historical question dismisses Gibbon as obviously and hopelessly in the wrong on any point. An extended experience shows that in these cases it is generally the young writer who is making the mistake, and not the author of the *Decline and Fall*. Mr. C. W. C. Oman, B.A., and Fellow of All Souls, who has written the Lothian Prize Essay for 1884, on *The Art of War in the Middle Ages* (Oxford: B. H. Blackwell; London: Fisher Unwin), commits the error of taste just reprobated, and accordingly it is not surprising to find him tripping in his logic. How far he is wrong in his facts we do not venture to say with any confidence. The art of war in the middle ages is a big subject, and he who would be accepted as an authority on it must unite the qualifications which met in Quintus Icilus. Mr. Oman has manifestly read up his books, and he talks about flank attacks, and the use of a reserve, and the advantages of taking the initiative, with easy familiarity. On the whole, we incline to believe that Mr. Oman is right in his facts. When he goes wrong it is because he reasons badly on some, or because he overlooks others. As an example of the first defect, we notice his laudation of the Byzantine armies. In the course of his chapter on these forces, he thinks fit to dismiss Gibbon with a pooh-pooh, and then declares that the armies of the Eastern Emperors were the best in the world, and that what has to be accounted for are their defeats, not their victories. The misfortune is there are so many defeats to account for. The Byzantine armies never seem to have held their ground for long against anybody except Powers in a state of decadence. Of course in dealing with them the possession of a better organization gave the Eastern Emperors a great advantage; but, even on Mr. Oman's own showing, the Byzantine military system was just what one would expect to find among a people conscious of inferiority in that essential requisite—the stomach for the fight. In dealing with the Spanish *tercio*, also, Mr. Oman is a little superficial. He seems to say that Gonsalvo's soldiers used the sword only, whereas there was always a proportion of pikemen and arquebusiers in the *tercio*. As a matter of fact, however, it is at all times easy to pick holes in a treatise of this kind, and the practice is a little unfair. Take it altogether, Mr. Oman, although he is wanting in that respect for Gibbon which will doubtless come with maturer years, and although he has been guilty of an oversight here and there, has written an interesting book. What a military people we are becoming when a Fellow of All Souls, a B.A., a peaceful man, can write creditably on the art of war! Besides, we like Mr. Oman for roundly asserting that the history of a race and its art of war "are one and the same." He says "in such cases," but it is such a case with Europe at present.

"The various capacities of human beings for Knowledge and Intellectual progress are of universal interest and importance," says Mr. J. H. Godwin, in his *Active Principles* (James Clarke & Co.), "and equally so are their capacities of enjoyment and suffering, of affection and action, of moral culture and improvement." Here is matter, if only for endless platitude, and we have known long arrays of volumes written on less. Mr. Godwin has tackled it all in three hundred and four small pages. For this only he deserves the gratitude of mankind. His guide for doubters is divided into three parts, dealing respectively with "Mental Feelings," "Volitions," and "Moral Perceptions and Sentiments."

In *Case of Accident* (Boston: Lothrop & Co.) is the title of a very neatly-printed and well-illustrated book by Dr. D. A. Sargent, of the "Harvard College Gymnasium." The author begins by describing the human body, and then proceeds to point out what accidents may happen to that inheritor of woe. As ill follows ill, Dr. Sargent shows how a timely use of the intelligence may supply

(4) *New Practical French Grammar*. By H. Bourdache. London: Rolfe Brothers.

(5) *La reine des gueux*. Par P. Mahalin. Paris: Tresee.

(6) *Coupables* . . . ? Par E. Jouan. Paris: Ollendorff.

(7) *Lucifer*. Par F. Fabre. Paris: Charpentier.

(1) *Nouvelle géographie universelle*. Par Elisée Reclus. Tome x. Paris: Hachette.

(2) *Trois pièces tirées des romans d'Emile Zola*. Par William Busnach. Paris: Charpentier.

(3) *The Woodford French Book*. By G. F. H. Sykes, B.A. London: Relie Brothers.

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